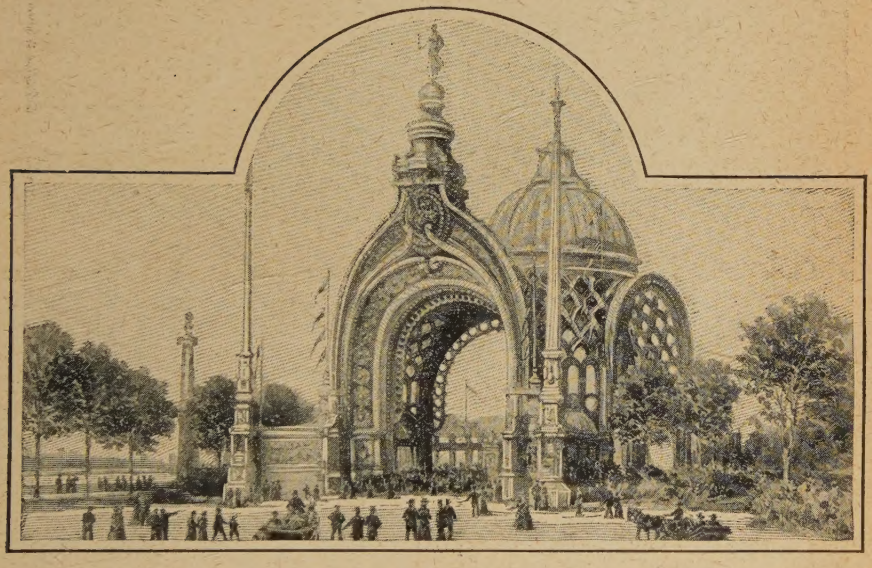
Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1903.

PARIS THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY CHRISTOPHER CROSS.



MONUMENTAL ENTRANCE TO EXPOSITION, PARIS.

PARIS is undoubtedly the most beautiful and fascinating city in the world. Every night the boulevards and avenues are lighted up brilliantly with electric lights which shed rays almost equal to the light of day. Beneath the powerful glare passes in never-ending procession an excited and jovial crowd of students, tradesmen, men of means, foreigners of every clime and in the strangest costumes, women of every class and grade, artists, tourists, and every other imaginable phase of humanity. To amuse and pander to this motley throng, Paris, with its population of over two millions, has a vast number of places of amusement, cafes, and restaurants, which are kept open till the small hours of the morning. All is light, gaiety, and the very excess of luxury.

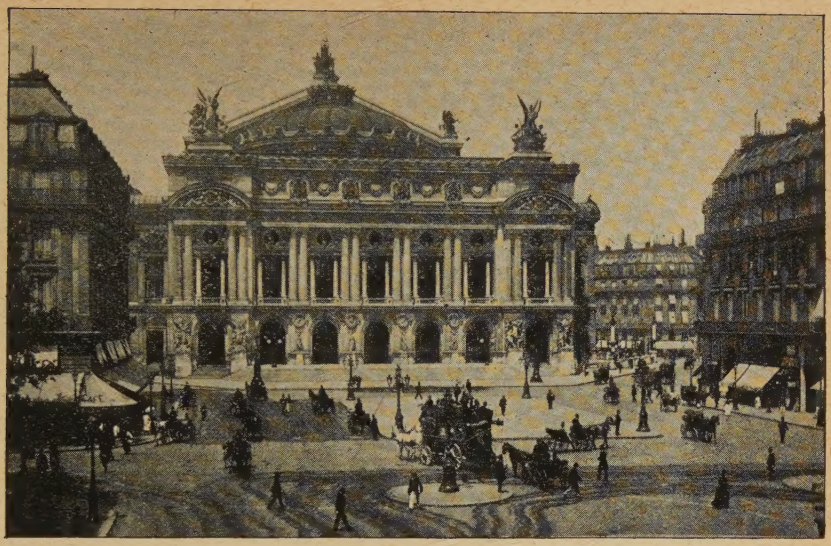
Saturday is a busy day in Paris, but for extravagant gaiety the great fete day of the week is the Sabbath. This day is specially set apart for horse-racing on the Longchamps,

NAPOLEON'S ARCH OF TRIUMPH.

the Chantilly, and other famous courses. The gayest balls are in progress during Sunday night and Monday morning. Most of the theatres in the city and its suburbs are crowded on this special evening. The hippodrome, the circuses, concert halls, and singing cafes are in full swing. The outlying towns of Versailles, St. Cloud, and Sevres lend their quota of pleasure-seekers; in fact, to see Paris on Sunday night, with her nervous and excited throng, is a sight most peculiar and disturbing to one accustomed to the more staid and dignified existence of a Canadian. If the history of Paris for the last ninety years were written in the shape of a novel, it would be scouted and laughed at as too extravagant and impossible a concatenation of events for even such a romancer as Dumas to concoct.

The Place de la Concorde is a noble square, 390 yards long and 235 yards wide, and has been the theatre of the most important episodes in this strange history. This Place is the largest and most beautiful in the city, and probably the finest in the world. In the centre stands the obelisk of Luxor, similar to, but much larger and better preserved than, Cleopatra's Needle on the Thames Embankment. At the time of the birth of our Saviour this monolith was 1,500 years old, and then revered as an object of great antiquity. It stood at the gate of an Egyptian temple at Luxor, and now, after having existed for over three thousand years, it has been placed in the centre of a magnificent square in the gayest city on the face of the globe.

When Cæsar conquered Gaul, and the ancestors of the modern, dainty Frenchman were running, half naked, through the woods, this obelisk graced a city of one of the most learned and powerful nations of antiquity. If this wonderful old relic could speak, what a tale of the rise and fall of nations it could tell, and what words of wisdom and warning it could give to the people among whom it has found a temporary resting-place! Round the Place are eight colossal statues, representing the chief cities of France,



THE PLACE DE L'OPERA.

including Strasburg, the latter draped in mourning on account of its capture by the Germans.

Standing upon this spot, the view is the most interesting in Paris. Looking east, up through well-kept gardens, one sees the site of the Imperial Palace of the Tuileries, the ruins of which have been cleared away. There reigned the Emperor Napoleon III., who ruled and modelled Paris with the hand of a despot. His son, the Prince Imperial, was the idol of his father and the pet of the court, and probably was surrounded by a more magnificent retinue of retainers than any royal prince in Christendom. A few terrible reverses in quick succession sufficed to send both father and son into exile, and both died in comparative obscurity, the latter falling by the cruel Zulu assegai. On the 23rd and 24th of May, 1871, the Tuileries were destroyed by the Communists.

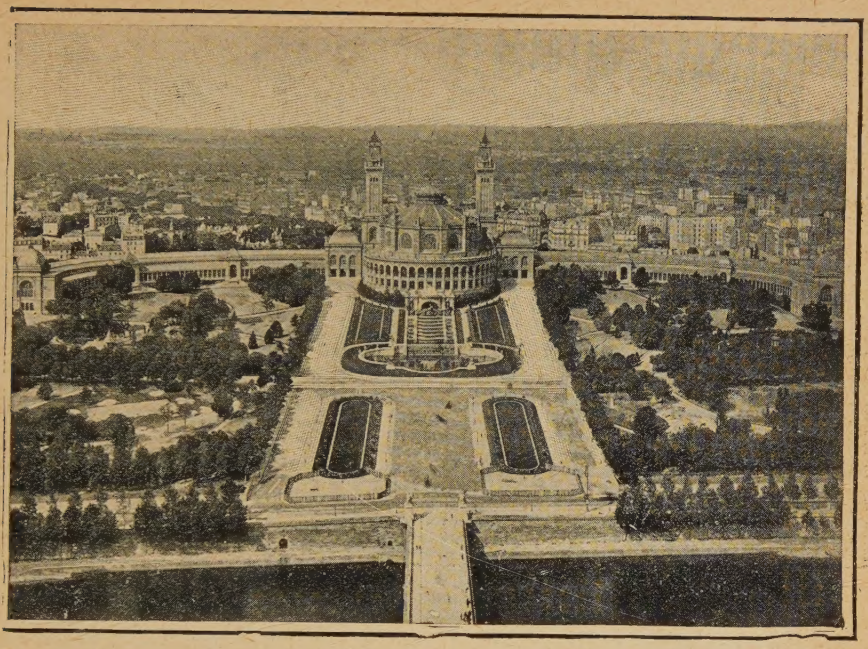
Turning round and looking to the west, one sees, a few yards in front, the commencement of the famous Champs Elysees. It is a mile and one-third in length, and ascends till it reaches the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile. This arch cost $2,000,000, and it is the most imposing monument of triumph ever constructed. The idea of erecting this memorial of victory was conceived by Napoleon I., and is certainly worthy of the genius of that marvellous man. It was built in 1836. It is 160 feet high, 146 wide, and 72 feet deep. Those who have not seen it can form no idea of its immensity. It derives its name Etoile from its position as the centre whence radiate twelve fine avenues in the form of a star. When visiting the place, I determined to drive up to the arch and have a careful look at the celebrated bas-reliefs which adorn its sides. When I arrived on the spot I found a crowd of excited people running to and fro. I asked the cause, and was informed that a short time before a young man had committed suicide by throwing himself from the summit. A dark pool of blood on the pavement marked where he fell. It was a shocking sight, and such as I don't wish ever to see again.

NEW ART GALLERY, PARIS.

Turning around again to the right, one faces the Rue Royale, at the end of which is the Church of the Madeleine, which cost £520,000. This neighbourhood was the scene of desperate fighting between the Communists and the Government troops. One of the most formidable barricades was erected across the Rue Royale, and when they were finally driven from this position three hundred of the insurgents took refuge in the sanctuary of Madeleine. The soldiers, after meeting with vigorous resistance, at last effected an entrance, and within the stately walls of this sacred edifice, in the year of grace 1871, they actually slaughtered in cold blood the whole three hundred of their fellow citizens at the point of the bayonet.

In the Rue Royale a most diabolical crime was committed at this time. The Communists being defeated at every turn, took their revenge by setting fire to every building of importance to which they could gain access. While the fire was raging, they bribed some firemen to fill the engines with petroleum. This was done, and hundreds of barrels were poured into the burning houses, causing indescribable horrors and vast loss of life and property.

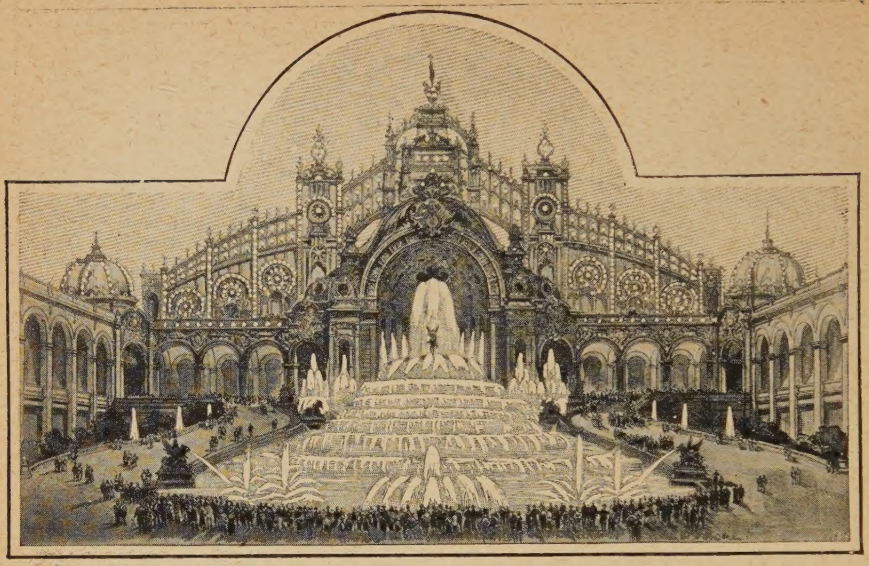
I am still standing at the obelisk. Looking towards the south over the Seine, one can see, prominent above everything, the gilded dome (344 feet high, surmounted by a lantern and a cross) of the Hotel des Invalides. Beneath this dome lie the remains of the most daring and masterly genius that France, or perhaps any other country, ever produced. From a friendless Corsican exile, Napoleon Bonaparte rose to be the most powerful potentate in Europe, and made each of his brothers a sovereign. There is no parallel in history to the career of this extraordinary man of destiny. Emperors and kings cringed before him, and were glad to obey his bidding. Berlin was entered by the victorious French army, and Russia



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.

trembled on hearing of his threatened invasion. England alone was equal to him. Her bulldog tenacity and courage he could never conquer, while the fates seemed to be against the formidable preparations he made to invade the tight little island, and finally the British forces were the cause of his complete overthrow. The tomb is the most superb and impressive I have ever seen; when standing beside it people speak in hushed tones. Something in the solemn atmosphere and presence of the mighty dead seems to forbid either levity or indifference. A mosaic laurel wreath is inlaid round the monumental urn, wherein reposes all that is left of "Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay." This sarcophagus is of red Finland porphyry, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds.

The Place de la Concorde, however, in itself, has witnessed some of the most terrible scenes recorded in the whole range of history. In 1770, more than twelve hundred persons were crushed to death in the moat which then surrounded the Place, and two thousand were injured, in a panic caused by the accidental discharge of some fireworks, on the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI. with Marie Antoinette. In 1792, the statue of Louis XV. was melted by the Convention and coined into pennies. The square was then named Place de la Revolution. Prior to the first Revolution, in 1789, the French nation and the Government seem to have been jogging along in a very orthodox sort of way, but upon the breaking out of the people in that year, the demagogues got the upper hand. Here, was placed the dreadful guillotine, and here were beheaded Louis XVI., his beautiful queen, Marie Antoinette, and several others of the royal family. Through the fickleness of the French, it was not a year till

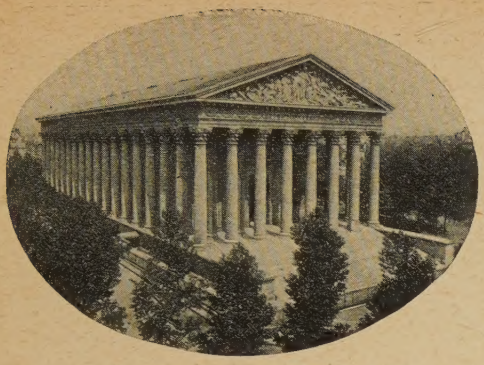


ELECTRICAL PALACE AND FOUNTAIN.

Danton, one of the chief insurgent leaders, himself met his death on the same spot. A few months after Robespierre, the most cruel and bloodthirsty of the whole lot, had his head shorn off by the same guillotine, amidst the jeers and acclamations of all classes of the people. In less than twenty-nine consecutive months more than two thousand eight hundred people were publicly butchered by the guillotine.

Napoleon I., Louis XVIII., Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., have all lived adjacent to and taken great pride in this chief of open places; and during the reign of Louis Philippe the present obelisk—a solid block of rose-coloured granite—was presented to him by Mohammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, and erected at an expense of two million francs. It was considered a great engineering feat to raise it to its present lofty position, as it is seventy-six feet high, and weighs five hundred thousand pounds.

In 1815, after the irrepressible Bonaparte had escaped from Elba, and risked his all and lost it at Waterloo, the Place was occupied by the British forces under Wellington. In March, 1871, after the capitulation of Paris, the armies of the German invaders encamped on the same ground. The last chapter of the story is probably the most unhappy one of all. It was brother fighting against brother, and father against son. The Communists, in May, 1871, took their stand here, and large numbers were slaughtered without mercy. The Place, as it looks to-day, however, would never suggest anything but feelings of admiration. It should be viewed both in the daytime and at night—by day to get the extensive view, while by night in every direction, east, west, south, and north, can be seen myriads of gas-jets, while the many places of amusement, even more brilliantly lighted up, and the moving carriages, with their different coloured lights, add greatly to its beauty. A walk about 9 p.m. over the adjacent bridge spanning the Seine will repay any visitor to Paris.



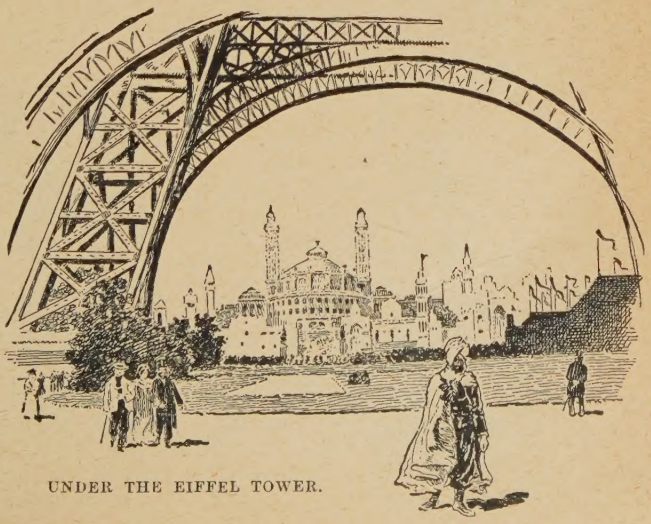
THE MADELEINE.

Here, in addition to the above view, can be seen the swift little steamers with blue and red lamps, and the splendid white stone Palace of the Trocadero, with its two lofty towers, from its lofty position looking like a huge beacon light.

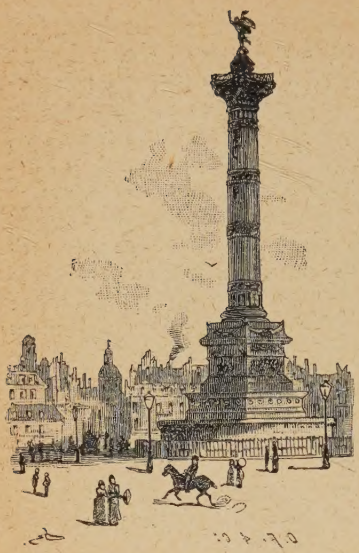
The capital of France is the rendezvous in Europe for the leaders and students of the professions, the arts, and the sciences. The Ecole des Beaux Arts is attended by over five hundred pupils. Here the lucky fellow who succeeds in carrying off the first prize for painting, sculpture, or architecture, is sent to Rome for further study, for four years, at the expense of the French Government.

The University of Sorbonne, which for over two hundred years has been the most celebrated seat of learning in France, offers gratis lectures on law, medicine, mathematics, natural science, the classics, history, and theology, by the best professors in Europe. Neither Cambridge nor Oxford will bear a favourable comparison with the Sorbonne in respect of freedom of higher education to the great masses of the people. At the head of this admirable system stands the Institut de France, which consists of a body of the most distinguished scholars, statesmen, lawyers, painters, sculptors, musicians, and philosophers of France, whose object at their periodical meetings is to promote by discussion and more tangible assistance the general prosperity of the higher branches of learning in the State. To be one of the two hundred and twenty-five members of the Institute is the longed-for goal to which every man of ambition, from the struggling artist to the wealthy aristocrat, directs his eyes.

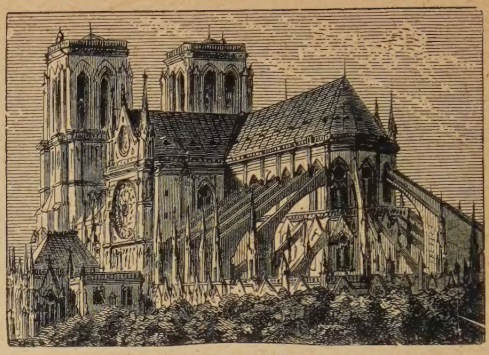
Among the libraries of the world the National Library—Bibliotheque Nationale—stands first, and that of the British Museum second. This vast collection of three million books is opened practically free, and any student may explore its priceless treasures. I will not advert to the picture-galleries of the Louvre, also open gratis to the public, and whose salons are nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, nor to its galleries of



UNDER THE EIFFEL TOWER.



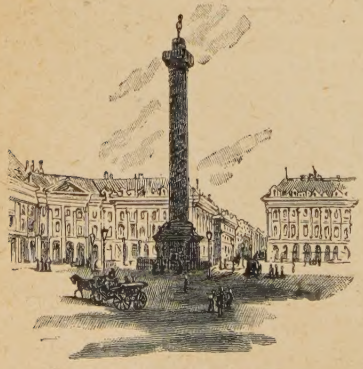
COLUMN OF JULY, PARIS.



NOTRE DAME.

sculpture, as the slightest notice would far transgress the limit of my paper.

Rather an interesting place to visit is the Bourse. Here between twelve and three every day can be seen the stock-broking business of Paris. From the gallery is the best place to view the wild scene beneath—a crazier-looking lot of mortals I don't think get between the four walls of a building. In a small circular enclosure near the end of the room are the sworn and duly-enrolled brokers. Outside of this barrier are collected a miscellaneous crowd of stock-jobbers, etc., who each instructs his broker within to buy or sell certain stock. When he has received his instructions, he hurries to the inner circle and shouts at the very top of his voice, accompanying this fearful row with violent gesticulations. He wants to purchase or dispose of stock, but he looks like a maniac. This is only one of the many hundreds beneath, who are each trying to see who can shout the loudest. The din can be distinctly heard across the street from the Bourse, notwithstanding the noise of carriages and pedestrians.



COLUMN VENDOME.

PORTE ST. MARTIN.

CAFE WITH GUESTS LUNCHING ON THE BOULEVARD.

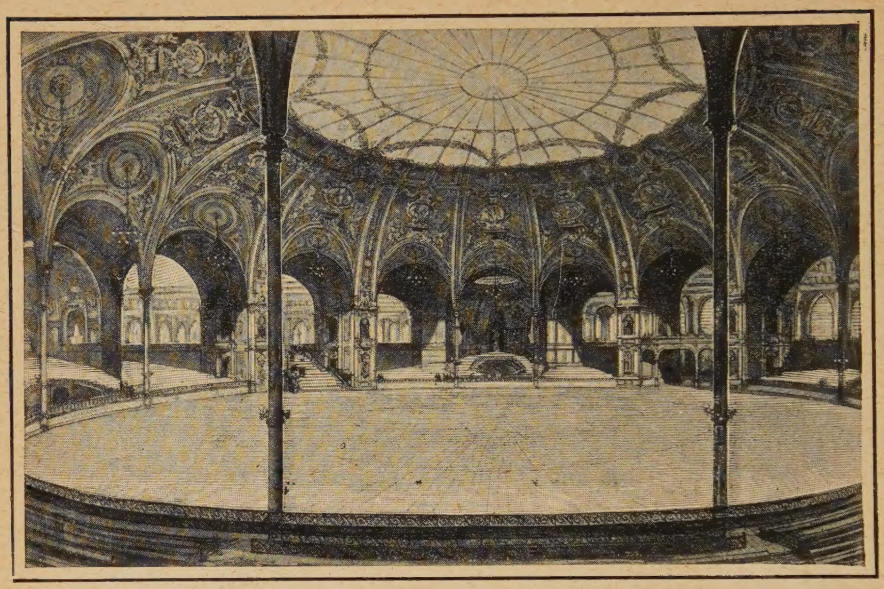
Every tourist who comes here makes it a point to go out to Versailles. The town is eleven and a quarter miles from Paris. Versailles Palace was occupied by the King of Prussia and his staff from 19th September, 1870, to 6th March, 1871. In connection with this occupation, one of the rooms is particularly interesting—the Galerie des Glaces, which was built by the splendour-loving Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, is 240 feet long, 33 feet wide, and 42 feet high, and is the most magnificent room in the palace. Here, on the 18th of January, 1871, the German States, without a dissenting voice, called upon the Prussian monarch to be their emperor, and here, in the midst of the hostile French, in the midst of his faithful army, in the atmosphere of war and victory, the veteran soldier-king received his reward.

One of the most interesting places in Paris is the Hotel de Cluny. Here the Roman Emperor Constantius Chlorus, in the third century, founded a palace, the vast baths of which are still in good preservation. Here Julian was proclaimed Emperor in 360, and here the early Frankish monarchs resided. On the site of the palace, the monks of Cluny, in the fifteenth century, built the present exquisite mediæval abbey, which became again the residence of the sovereigns of France. It is now one of the most interesting museums of mediæval relics in the world. In the very heart of the crowded and busy city one may lounge in the quaint old monkish garden or explore the still older Roman baths, carrying one back to the very dawn of Gallic history.

Along some of the boulevards may still be seen some of the ancient gates, as the picturesque Porte St. Denis, and Porte St. Martin.

The most impressive building in Paris is the famous Notre Dame Cathedral, and the finest view of this is, we think, the rear, showing the flying buttresses on which the noble pile is sustained. When in Paris recently, the editor of this magazine climbed the steps of the lofty tower and heard the great bell toll, which seemed to shake the very earth, and on the gallery made the close acquaintance of the grim and grinning gargoyles and monstrous figures, seemingly the disordered creation of the monkish architect's nightmare.

The modern churches, the Made-



SALLE DES FETES, IN THE GRAND PALAIS.

leine, the Pantheon, and Des Invalides are, with their classic architecture, more like pagan temples than like Christian churches, but the interiors are very impressive notwithstanding. The new Hotel de Ville is a stately structure, built upon the site and upon the model of the old structure demolished by the frenzied passion of the Communists.

The word "hotel" in Paris does not mean, as with us, a public caravansary, but a private mansion or residence, or, in some cases, an historic building, now used as a museum, as the "Hotel Carnavalet" and the "Hotel de Sens" and the "Hotel de Cluny," already referred to.

The general style of street architecture strikes us as generally overdone, with too ornate decoration. The Parisians are fond of historic monuments, and almost every square is embellished with these noble structures. Of this sort are the Column of July, on the site of the Bastile, and the Vendome Column, erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon I., which was pulled down by the Communists and since restored to its former magnificence.

Summer days
And moonlight nights, He led us over paths
Bordered with pleasant flowers; but when His steps
Were on the mighty waters—when we went
With trembling hearts through nights of pain and loss—
His smile was sweeter and His love more dear;
And only heaven is better than to walk
With Christ at midnight, over moonless seas.

—*Northwestern.*

THE DISCOVERER OF THE GREAT WEST.

CAVALIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

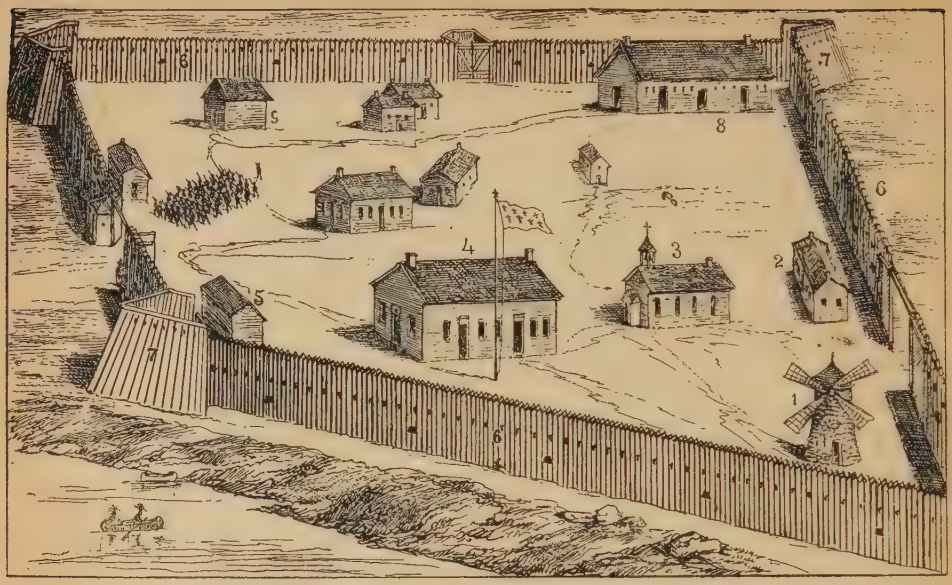
BY THE EDITOR.

ROBERT CAVALIER SIEUR DE LA SALLE.

THE name of La Salle will be for ever identified with the early exploration of the great West. He was the heir of a wealthy burgher of Rouen, but he had forfeited his inheritance by entering a Jesuit seminary. His active spirit, however, was ill-adapted for scholastic life, and, leaving the seminary, he sailed for Canada, to seek his fortune in the wilderness. At the head of the rapids above Montreal he planted a trading post, to which was subsequently given the name, either seriously or in derision, of La Chine, as if it were the first stage on the way to China, in allusion to the idea that that country could be reached by following, westward, the water-ways across the continent.*

Impelled by this thought, La Salle longed to explore the Far West, of which, even before Joliet's revelation, such exciting

* The appearance of this in 1671 is shown in the accompanying cut from Girouard's "Le Vieux LaChine" (Montreal, 1889).



FORT AT LACHINE, 1671.

1, Windmill; 2, Priests' House; 3, Church: 4, La Salle's House; 5, Barn; 6, Palisades; 7, Bastions; 8, Warehouse.

rumours had reached his eager ears. He joined, in the summer of 1669, a company of Sulpician priests who had resolved to emulate in the wilderness the missionary zeal of their rivals, the Jesuits. With four-and-twenty men, in seven canoes, they left La Chine on the 6th of July. A month of arduous toil was consumed in overcoming the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and reaching Lake Ontario. Failing to procure a guide in the Seneca country, the adventurers pressed on to the head of the lake. The Sulpician fathers decided to visit the tribes on the great "unsalted sea," Lake Superior. La Salle, on the contrary, determined to solve the geographical problem of the West, and feigned sickness in order to part company from the Sulpicians without an open rupture. The latter pressed on by way of the Grand River, Lakes Erie and Huron to Sault Ste. Marie, wintering near Long Point, on Lake Erie, and taking possession of the country in the name of the King of France.

The movements of La Salle during this time are involved in obscurity. It appears that he reached the Ohio, and, possibly, the following season, Lake Michigan and the Wisconsin; but it is not certain that at that time he discovered the Mississippi, although it has been claimed that he did.

La Salle received the seigneury of Fort Frontenac, with its adjacent lands, where Kingston now stands, and was soon able to raise large sums of money for the accomplishment of his designs of further exploration. He constructed for this purpose four small decked vessels, the first that ever floated on the waters of Ontario. He nursed a nobler ambition in his soul than that of being a successful fur trader. Visiting France, in 1678, he obtained a royal commission for exploration in the Far West. Having engaged some thirty fol-

lowers, and secured a supply of ship's stores and merchandise, he sailed for Canada. Among his followers was one who proved of vast service in the execution of his bold designs—Henri de Tonti, an Italian officer, of dauntless daring and unflinching fidelity. He had lost a hand by the explosion of a grenade, and wore an iron substitute, which he sometimes used with striking effect upon the astonished Indians. Another of La Salle's companions in exploration was Father Hennepin, a Recollet friar, a man of great courage, but also of intense vanity, and, in the narration of his exploits, of unblushing exaggeration, not to say mendacity.

On the 18th of November, a cold and gusty day, La Motte, Hennepin, and sixteen others, left Fort Frontenac in a little vessel of ten tons for the Niagara River. Hugging the northern shore of Lake Ontario, in ten days they reached an Indian town, not far from the site of Toronto, and took refuge in the mouth of the Humber, where they were frozen in. Cutting their way out of the ice, on the 5th of December, they crossed the wintry

JEAN BAPTISTE TALON, FIRST INTENDANT OF NEW FRANCE, 1665–1672.*

* Jean Baptiste Talon, whose portrait we give, the first Intendant of New France, 1665–1672, specially laboured to develop the natural resources of the field, the forest, and the mine, as well as the fisheries and the fur trade. He endeavoured to promote manufacturing, shipbuilding, and trade with the West Indies. He began the construction of an intercolonial road to Acadia, and extended explorations towards Hudson's Bay, the Great Lakes, and the Mississippi. Many of his enlightened schemes are only being carried into effect two centuries after his death.

lake to the Niagara, which they ascended as far as the rapids at Queenston. Skirting the cliff above the rugged gorge, the explorers beheld, amid its setting of sombre forest, the virgin loveliness of the great cataract. Hennepin's account and sketch of the Falls are graphic, though exaggerated.* The party returned to the mouth of the river, and began the construction of a fort on the site of the present Fort Niagara. They were soon joined by La Salle, whose boat was wrecked near the mouth of the river. During the winter, La Salle, with two companions, returned, on foot, through the snow-encumbered woods, to Fort Frontenac, for additional naval supplies. Their bag of parched corn failed them on the way, and for two days they journeyed fasting.

An essential part of the enterprise was the construction of a vessel above the Falls. All the ropes and rigging rescued from the wreck were therefore carried over the steep and rugged portage, extending from Lewiston to Cayuga Creek, a distance of twelve miles, Hennepin carrying on his shoulders his portable altar and its furniture.

Here, amid short allowance of food and many other privations, which were not compensated by the frequent masses and homilies of Hennepin, the little company toiled at the construction of a vessel. Its huge ribs so provoked at once the astonishment and jealousy of the neighbouring Indians that, as a squaw informed the French, they determined to burn it on the stocks. In the spring, however, it was sufficiently advanced for launching, which was accomplished amid the chanting of the Te Deum and salvos of miniature artillery. The armament of five small cannon made the vessel an effective floating fort. It received the name of the "Griffin," from the armorial bearings of Frontenac, and bore, carved upon the prow, the effigy of that fabulous creature.

Not till the month of August did La Salle return to Niagara. Incited by his enemies, his creditors had seized his property for debts, which his seigneury would amply have discharged. But his great enterprise might not brook delay, and with his usual fortitude, he submitted to the blow.

On the 7th of August, the "Griffin," a goodly craft, of forty-five tons burden, spread her wings to the breeze, and, stemming the rapid current, entered Lake Erie. The strange apparition of the winged vessel and booming cannon, everywhere produced surprise and consternation. In three weeks they reached Lake Michigan. La Salle freighted the "Griffin" with a cargo of furs in order to appease the clamours of his creditors, and sent her back to Niagara. She must have foundered in an autumnal storm, as she was never heard of again.

Weary of waiting her return, he resolved to explore the interior. With Hennepin, Tonti, and thirty men, by the end of December, after many privations and adventures, he reached Lake Peoria, in the heart of the populous country of the Illinois. Here, amid the despondency, mutiny, and desertion of his men, he built a fort, to which, in allusion to his disasters and disappointments, he gave the name of Crevecoeur—Heartbreak.

Despatching Hennepin to explore the upper waters of the Mississippi, and having seen well advanced the construction of a vessel of forty

* "The Falls," he says, "were 600 feet high, yet the Indians descended in perfect safety." "Four carriages," he adds, "could drive abreast beneath the American Fall without getting wet." His pictures are more accurate than his descriptions.

tons burden, in which he purposed descending the great river to the Gulf of Mexico, and sailing to the West Indies, the intrepid pioneer set out, on the 3rd of March, with five companions, through wintry snows and pathless woods, to Fort Frontenac, more than a thousand miles distant, in order to procure stores, anchors, and rigging for his new vessel.

The hardships of that terrible journey were almost unparalleled. The streams were impeded with floating ice, and the travellers had frequently to break a way for their canoe with axes, or to drag it for leagues through marsh or forest encumbered with melting snow. They were at length compelled to abandon it altogether, and laden with arms, ammunition, blanket, and kettle, to wade, knee-deep, through slush, or inundated meadows. Game was scarce, and the pangs of hunger were added to the sufferings of fatigue. The Indians, too, were hostile. For days, La Salle and his companions were dogged by a war-party, and dared not light a fire at night to dry their saturated clothes. Snow, sleet, and rain, piercing winds and bitter cold, and weary marches through the woods, wore down their failing strength. Fever, cold, and spitting of blood attacked several of the Frenchmen, and even the Indian guide. On Easter Monday they reached the fort on the Niagara, where the "Griffin" had been launched.

La Salle alone, substained by his indomitable energy, was capable of a further journey. But it was necessary for him to hasten on to Fort Frontenac. Tidings of disaster awaited him. Besides the confirmation of the loss of the "Griffin," with her valuable lading, he learned that a ship from France, freighted with his goods, valued at over twenty-two thousand livres, had been totally wrecked in the St. Lawrence. His agents had plundered him, his property had been seized for debt, and several of his canoes, with rich lading of furs, had been lost in the rapids. Still his unconquerable will overcame every obstacle. He obtained in Montreal the needed supplies and recruits for his great expedition, and was on the eve of setting out from Fort Frontenac for his return to Crevecoeur, when a more crushing blow fell upon him than any he had yet received.

Two voyageurs arrived, bringing a letter from Tonti, his faithful Italian lieutenant, which stated that, shortly after La Salle's departure, the turbulent garrison of Crevecoeur had mutinied, plundered the stores, destroyed the fort, and thrown into the river the arms and goods they could not carry off. They also seized a quantity of furs belonging to La Salle, and plundered his forts on Lake Michigan, and at Niagara. Part of the rascal crew then fled to the English at Albany, and the rest, twelve in number were advancing to Fort Frontenac to murder its seigneur. La Salle only braced himself for fresh energies. With nine trusty men, he proceeded to intercept the mutineers. After a sharp resistance, in which two were slain, the survivors were captured and conveyed to Fort Frontenac, there to await their trial.

La Salle's cherished enterprise seemed now utterly wrecked. Yet he did not despair. On the 10th of August he again set out for the country of the Illinois, with a company of twenty-five men. This time he went by a new route. He ascended the Humber from Lake Ontario, and, crossing a portage to the Holland River, reached Lake Simcoe, and then descended the Severn to Lake Huron. Skirting the Manitoulin Islands, he hastened

on with seven men, by way of Lake Michigan and the Joseph, Kankeekee, and Illinois rivers to Crevecoeur, leaving the rest of his force to follow.

Here a scene of horror awaited him. The great Illinois town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants, near which the fort was built, was a desolation of blackened embers, hideous with charred bodies, rifled from the Indian graves, and half-devoured by wolves and buzzards—on every side was evidence of massacre and havoc. The fort was utterly demolished, although the vessel still lay upon the stocks; but no signs of Tonti, or of his companions, could be found. La Salle, therefore, disheartened but not despairing, retraced his steps to his fort of St. Joseph, where he gathered his men about him and awaited intelligence of his lost lieutenant.

The story of that hero's adventures is one of tragic interest. After the flight of the mutineers, he, with his little band of Frenchmen, seven in all, removed to the Indian town, in order to conciliate its inhabitants. An unexpected storm of savage fury burst upon this forest community. The ferocious Iroquois, having well-nigh exterminated the Hurons, Eries, and Andastes, sought new tribes to conquer. Five hundred painted warriors made their way through pathless forests, from the lovely lakes of Central New York, to the fertile prairies of the Illinois. They burst like a hurricane upon the hapless town and soon made of a populous country a solitude. Tonti, after futile efforts to mediate, in which he was nearly slain, was only able to save his little colony by retreat to Green Bay. Indeed, even retreat did not save them all, for Father Ribourde, the only heir of a rich Burgundian house, retiring to the forest to recite the office of his breviary, was cut off by a band of prowling savages.

But what, meanwhile, had become of Father Hennepin, whom La Salle had sent to explore the Upper Mississippi? The unquestioned courage and energy of that distinguished pioneer were unhappily equalled by his vanity and mendacity. Bating all exaggerations, however, it appears that he, with his two companions, followed the course of the mighty river almost to its source, far beyond the beautiful Falls of Minnehaha, which he named after St. Anthony of Padua. After many hardships, they made their escape, and returned, by way of the Wisconsin and the lakes, to Canada, to tell their remarkable story.

To appease his creditors, and to collect means for carrying out his project, La Salle must again visit Canada. Paddling a thousand miles in a frail canoe, he reached Fort Frontenac. Obtaining fresh supplies of goods, arms, and ammunition, by mortgaging his already heavily encumbered seigneury, he returned to the country of the Illinois. With his faithful lieutenant, Tonti, twenty-three Frenchmen, and eighteen Indians with their squaws, he started upon his eventful voyage of discovery. Having abandoned for a time the idea of building a vessel, he resolved to trust to canoes. It was midwinter, and the canoes and stores had to be dragged for some distance on sledges over the snow. At length, on the 6th of February, the frail barks were launched on the broad bosom of the Mississippi. For sixty days they glided down the giant stream, leaving behind the icy realm of winter, and entering the genial domain of spring. Savage tribes were awed by displays of power, or conciliated by the bestowment of gifts.

On the 6th of April the broad, blue, heaving billows of the Gulf of Mexico burst upon their view. With feudal pomp and religious ceremony, La Salle proclaimed the sovereignty of Louis le Grand over the vast country of Louisiana—a country embracing the whole mid-continent, from the sources of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains. The gallant explorer joined in the grand Te Deum and Vexilla Regis, and volleys of musketry, and shouts of Vive le Roi, confirmed the annexation of half a continent to the domain of France.*

La Salle now set his face northward, eager to despatch the news of his discovery to Canada, and to France. But an invasion of the Illinois country by the Iroquois was imminent. He therefore tarried to build, with vast toil, a new fort, St. Louis, at "Starved Rock," ** an isolated cliff with steep escarpments, overhanging the Illinois River. But Frontenac had been recalled from the government of Canada, and the intrigues of La Salle's enemies were unrestrained. His discoveries were discredited, his character was maligned, his seigneury was seized, his authority was superseded, he was summoned to Quebec, and an officer was sent to command his new fort, St. Louis.

La Salle hastened to France to defend himself against the accusations of his enemies, and to solicit the aid of the crown in carrying out the grand emprise, in which he had exhausted his private fortune. In his memorial to the king he modestly sets forth his claims for assistance.

"To acquit himself of the commission with which he was charged," he says, writing of himself in the third person, "he had neglected all his private affairs, because they were alien to his enterprises; he had omitted nothing that was needful to its success, notwithstanding dangerous illness, heavy losses and all other evils he had suffered. During five years he had made five journeys of more in all than five thousand leagues, for the most part on foot, with extreme fatigue, through snow and through water, without escort, without provisions, without bread, without wine, without recreation and without repose. He had traversed more than six hundred leagues of country, hitherto unknown, among savage and cannibal nations against whom he must daily make fight, though accompanied by only thirty-six men and consoled only by the hope of succeeding in an enterprise which he thought would be agreeable to His Majesty."*

Nor were these statements, as we have seen, exaggerations. He had expended on this enterprise one hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and was now so impoverished that, unless subsidized by the king, his lofty projects for the glory of France, and the extension of her dominion, must fail. He therefore asked for one vessel and two hundred men for one year, in which time he proposed to fortify the mouth of the River Colbert or Mississippi, thus controlling eight hundred leagues of inland navigation; to organize a force of fifteen thousand savages; and to attack the Spaniards and seize the rich mines of Mexico. Dazzled by this gigantic scheme, which La Salle must have known greatly transcended his ability to execute, the king placed at his disposal four vessels with a military force.

On the 1st of August the ill-fated expedition, numbering, including soldiers, sailors, and settlers, two hundred and eighty in all, set sail

* The Ohio and the Mississippi received the names respectively of River St. Louis and River Colbert.

** So named from being the last refuge of a party of Illinois, who were starved to death by their enemies.

* Quoted from a contemporary document by Parkman, "Discovery of the Great West," p. 302, *note*.

from Rochelle. Many of the recruits for the colony were beggars and vagabonds from the streets of Rochelle and Rochefort, and proved turbulent and mutinous. When the fleet reached St. Domingo, fifty men on board the "Joly," the principal vessel, were sick, La Salle among the number. Tossing in the delirium of fever in a wretched garret under a tropical sun he well-nigh lost his life.

After a month's delay, pale and haggard and weak, La Salle was able to sail again. By a fatal mistake, the little fleet missed the mouth of the Mississippi, and sailed some two hundred miles to the west of it. In attempting to enter Matagora Bay, on the Texan coast, the "Amiable," his principal storeship, was wrecked, La Salle thought by design, on a sand-bar, with the loss of nearly all the provisions, arms, ammunition, tools, medicines, baggage, and other goods—a blow of crushing calamity to the infant colony. The base-souled and treacherous Beaujeau, his lieutenant, to whose machinations the disaster was probably due, now set sail and abandoned the disheartened settlers to their fate. A rude redoubt and a few hovels were built of driftwood and fragments of the wreck upon the wild, inhospitable shore, named in feudal fealty, St. Louis.

The neighbouring Indians proved hostile, prowled around the frail fort, and stole some of the goods rescued from the wreck. La Salle set out to explore the country. He returned to report the disastrous intelligence that they were far from the Mississippi, the goal of their hopes. Gloom and almost despair settled upon every soul but that of the unconquerable commander. During the summer more than thirty of the colonists died, and many of the survivors were smitten with mortal illness.

It was absolutely necessary to find the Mississippi. La Salle, therefore, on the 1st of November, set out in quest of that "fatal river." Five weary months dragged on, when one day seven or eight travel-worn men, with patched and tattered clothing, appeared before the fort. They were La Salle and his companions in misfortune. He had failed in the object of his search, and the "Belle," a little vessel on which he had depended for the transport of his colony to the Mississippi, was wrecked, with the loss of many lives, and of all his papers, and the bulk of the stores, ammunition, and tools.

La Salle now made the desperate resolve to attempt an overland journey to Canada for succour for his ill-starred colony. Having patched their ragged clothing with deer or buffalo skins, after mass and prayers, the forlorn hope, each man bearing his pack and weapons, set forth on their long and perilous route. Six months more dragged their weary length along when La Salle once more appeared at his Texan fort, wasted with fever, worn with fatigue, and again baffled in his attempt to reach the "fatal river." Of twenty men who had gone out with him, but eight returned.

The condition of the colony was now desperate. Of over two hundred settlers only forty remained alive, several of whom were women and children, and most of the men were completely demoralized by treachery, mutiny, vice, or disease. La Salle alone, by his unconquerable will and audacity of hope, curbed their turbulent spirits and saved them from despair. A dreary Christmas and Twelfth Night were celebrated with festive cups filled with water instead of wine. A journey to Canada was clearly the only resort. The sails

of the "Belle" were cut up to make clothing for the travellers, and after midnight mass and bitter parting, of sighs and tears, and last long embraces, La Salle and twenty men started on the fatal journey, soon to end for him and others in disaster and death.

Among his followers were some turbulent spirits—ex-buccaneers, and the like—who ill brooked the restraints of his rigorous discipline, and resented his stern and haughty manner. It was resolved to murder him, and, throwing off the restraints of civilization, to join some Indian tribe and share their savage life.

La Salle seemed to have a presentiment of his fate. "On the day of his death," writes the Recollet friar who witnessed his assassination, "he spoke to me of nothing but matters of piety, grace, and predestination; enlarging on the debt he owed to God, who had saved him from so many perils during more than twenty years of travel in America." He walked into an ambuscade, and was treacherously slain by a musket-shot. "There thou liest, great bashaw!" cried one of the murderers in cruel exultation over his corpse. With unutterable baseness, they stripped the body naked, and left it unburied on the prairie, to be devoured by buzzards and wolves.

The animating spirit of La Salle was not the religious enthusiasm of the Jesuit missionaries, nor the patriotic devotion of Champlain, but rather a vast ambition, a passion for discovery, an intense energy of character, which courted difficulty and defied danger. The story of his life is one almost unbroken Iliad of disaster. He failed in that magic gift of successful leadership, that disarms jealousy, and inspires enthusiasm equal to its own. He was the victim of unscrupulous rivals, and of craven-hearted traitors. His splendid services to France and civilization merited a better fate than his tragic and treacherous death, at the early age of forty-three, upon the Texan plains.

The assassins soon quarrelled among themselves, and, for the most part, perished by mutual slaughter, or were murdered by the Indians. The elder brother of La Salle, with seven others, made their way, with incredible hardship, by route of the Mississippi and Illinois, the Great Lakes, and the French and Ottawa rivers, to Canada, and proceeded to France, where the tragic story awoke much commiseration.

Two years later a Spanish force from Mexico, sent to exterminate the French intruders, discovered the ill-starred Texan fort. But no sentry challenged their approach, no banner waved above the frail redoubt, the silence of death reigned over all. They entered and beheld a scene of ravage and ruin. On the prairie without lay three dead bodies, one that of a woman. From a painted and wandering savage, once a Frenchman and follower of La Salle, now lapsed to barbarism, they learned of the massacre of the wretched remnant of the colonists, wasted by smallpox, sick at heart of hope deferred, and perchance welcoming death as a release from their sufferings. Thus ended, in disappointment, disaster, and death, La Salle's vast and towering schemes of conquest and commerce and colonization.

In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn!
Where is to-morrow?

CHINESE HATRED OF FOREIGNERS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE OWEN, PEKIN, CHINA.

Missionary of the London Missionary Society, 1865.

IN most countries the European and American receive a certain amount of respect and deference; but in China as soon as either steps beyond the treaty ports he at once realizes that he is not a *persona grata.* He is gazed at, jeered at, ridiculed, and caricatured more or less wherever he goes, and he finds to his dismay that a foreigner is looked upon by the Chinese with hatred and contempt. Some spit, some curse as they pass him; others invite their friends to look at this freak of nature. No word of compliment reaches his ear from any quarter, but insolent looks, ribald remarks, and abusive epithets greet him on every hand, and in many places he is saluted with something harder still in the shape of stones and brickbats. He has not travelled far or stayed long before he entirely agrees with Tennyson: "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

This antagonism is partly racial and partly the result of a long and peculiar history, and a knowledge of the history is essential to an understanding of the antagonism.

Chinese history begins about two thousand years before the Christian Era. The Chinese were then a small people living along the northwestern reaches of the Yellow River, and were surrounded by powerful barbarian tribes with whom they waged frequent warfare, and whom they gradually conquered, absorbed, or annihilated. Exclusiveness was a very marked characteristic even then. They had little or no intercourse with neighbouring tribes except that of war, and cherished for them the utmost contempt. To the Chinese, then as now, the outsider was a barbarian and an immeasurably inferior being. And history has justified his pride. While the barbarians contented themselves with the uncertain products of the chase and spontaneous fruits of the earth, or depended on a few scattered flocks and herds, the Chinese began early to till the soil, and to cultivate gardens, orchards, and fields, and soon became what they are still—a nation of farmers. Bit by bit they drained the marshes, cleared the forests, banked the rivers, and changed the wilderness into rich corn lands with villages, towns, and cities. Then by the invention of writing and the diligent pursuit of learning, they raised themselves still higher above all their neighbours, and arrogated to themselves the proud title of the "Literary Nation," to which they still fondly believe they have the exclusive right.

With barbarism all around them they steadily advanced in civilization, inventing new implements and new arts as new conditions and needs arose. They borrowed little or nothing from others—indeed, there was no one from whom to borrow. Their civilization is their own, and China is the product of her own unaided genius. That genius has shown itself to be full of resource and invention. No race has invented more or borrowed less. They were the first to discover the

principle and use of the magnetic compass, to manufacture gun-powder, to make paper and invent block-printing, to burn, paint and glaze porcelain, to cultivate the silk-worm and weave silk fabrics. It was from China that Eastern Asia obtained its civilization and such knowledge of the arts and of letters as it possessed. The Coreans and Japanese simply adopted the literature of China as their own, and it was their only mental pabulum till a few years ago.

Superior to all their neighbours in the arts of peace, "the black-haired race" proved equally superior in the art of war. The barbarian tribes who harassed the infancy of the Chinese people were everywhere driven back, and their lands came under the plough of the Chinaman. The struggle was often long and bloody, but the result was always the same: the Chinaman triumphed, and the bounds of civilization were pushed a little farther forward. Gradually these tribes disappeared altogether, only a few feeble remnants remaining in the mountainous regions of the south-west. Thus, century by century China grew till it stretched from the Pacific Ocean in the east to Central Asia in the west, and from frozen Siberia in the north to tropical Burma in the south.

Very naturally this long-continued success bred in the Chinese a supercilious contempt for all other peoples and an overweening conceit in their own powers. This contempt and conceit have become ingrained in the Chinese, and characterize their whole bearing toward other nations. They early called their country the Great Flowery Land—the home of civilization, refinement, and art. Their state is the Celestial Empire, to which all peoples owe allegiance, and their sovereign the "Son of Heaven," to whom there can be no equal on earth.

By her geographical position China was cut off from intercourse with the great nations of the West. On the south and east lie the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean, on the north frozen Siberia, on the west the Gobi Desert and the Tibetan Mountains. These great natural barriers at once isolated and guarded her. The great waves of conquest which swept over the rest of the world from the Atlantic Ocean to the Bay of Bengal never reached China. The very names of what we call the world's great kings and conquerors, philosophers and sages were never even heard of in the Middle Kingdom. The Chinese hardly knew of the existence of the other great nations of Asia and Europe. It was ignorance quite as much as pride which led them to speak and write familiarly of China as *Tien-hsia* (the "All-under-Heaven"). To the Chinese China has been the world for long centuries. Until the beginning of the nineteenth century the intercourse between China and other nations was very limited and irregular, and was never utilized by the Chinese to acquire any knowledge of other lands and races. Even now, after a century of intercourse with the West, the majority of Chinese scholars and officials, not to speak of the great ignorant masses, know absolutely nothing of Europe or America. This isolation and ignorance have fostered a spirit of exclusiveness, pride, and contempt.

The vastness of her empire, embracing every variety of soil and climate, has made China a world in herself and rendered her independent of other lands. She produces not only all the necessaries but nearly all the luxuries of life, and can feed and clothe her immense

population without importing a pound of food or a yard of cloth. She neither needs nor desires foreign commerce, and would hail with rapturous delight the departure of every foreign merchant and the closing of every treaty port.

The present dynasty, which began its rule over China in 1644 A.D., has fostered the anti-foreign prejudices of the nation more than any previous dynasty, particularly during the last hundred years. It has assumed toward all foreigners a superior and arrogant tone, and maintained an attitude of unfriendly aloofness. It has played the Celestial-Empire and Son-of-Heaven role and looked down with undisguised contempt upon the barbarians squabbling for its trade-crumbs. At first it demanded from them the most abject submission: every communication had to bear the inscription "A respectful petition." Lord Napier's refusal, as envoy of Queen Victoria, to use that inscription, and the cruel indignities he suffered in consequence, led to England's first war with China.

For more than half a century the Chinese strove hard to exact an acknowledgment of over-lordship from all foreigners, and insisted on the envoys of Western States performing the *Ko-tow* as a condition of obtaining an imperial audience. Intoxicated with the "Celestial-Empire" view of things, they scouted the idea of friendly intercourse on a basis of equality. There is and can be but one Son of Heaven, and all under heaven are his vassals. They have been compelled by the stern logic of superior force to abate their pretensions, but the same arrogance and assumption of superiority still mark more or less all their intercourse with other nations.

All down through the century for any official, either high or low, to show an appreciation of Western ways has invariably been fatal to his career, and brought upon him virulent abuse and social ostracism. The Marquis Tseng, after his long residence in England as China's representative, found, when he returned to Pekin, that the slightest appreciation of anything foreign raised a howl in the Tsung-li-Yamen, and he had to exercise the utmost caution in order to avoid being branded a pro-foreigner and thus losing all influence over his fellow-countrymen. During the forty years that Western representatives have lived in Pekin no high Manchu or Chinese official, with the exception of Marquis Tseng, has ever entertained any of them in his own house or sought to cultivate their acquaintance. Nor has there been any intercourse between the families of Chinese officials and the families of Western officials. Such intercourse would at once have brought the official under censure and blighted his career. Whatever his real sentiments, the Chinese official must maintain an attitude of hostility and aloofness.

Among a large section of the officials and scholars there has been a conspiracy of slander. They have laboured hard to mislead their countrymen and to traduce the foreigner. To instil contempt and foster hate, foreign countries are represented as miserable specks only a few miles square, without literature and without language, unless the quacking of ducks and the chattering of magpies can be so called. Foreigners have no surnames, no family relations, nor any social system. Stories of the most revolting kind have been invented and diligently circulated, representing the life of all foreigners as filthily immoral and loathsomely impure. They are charged with all the sins of Sodom. In another

class of stories foreigners in general, and missionaries in particular, are charged with kidnapping and mutilating children, with practising the most abominable arts on women, and with distributing bewitching drugs in the medicine they give to the sick, in the tea they offer to visitors, and in the ink with which their books and tracts are printed. These stories have been scattered broadcast over the land in the form of plain or illustrated tracts, hand-bills, and placards; and in 1889 they were published as one of the volumes of the well-known and semi-official work called "Tracts for the Times." These filthy stories have poisoned the minds of millions, and have done more than anything else to make the name of foreigner hateful. This is exactly the purpose for which they were invented. Even officials who have resided in America and Europe, instead of correcting these foul slanders, often add their own quota by misrepresenting the most innocent habits and institutions of the West; or the good is concealed and only the bad is reported.

The same pride and hostility which have led the Chinese to belittle and besmirch the foreigner have also led them strenuously to oppose the introduction of foreign ideas and inventions. From the practical character and business instincts of the Chinese, we should have inferred that they would seize with avidity and turn to their own advantage the mechanical and scientific discoveries and inventions of the West. And so they doubtless would, had they not been hampered by pride. But the idea that China is inferior in anything to foreign countries, or has anything to learn from them, is hateful to a true son of Han. There must be no copying and no borrowing. China's splendid isolation and proud self-sufficiency must be maintained at all costs. She has done very well without these newfangled fads in the past, and can do very well without them in the future.

This "superior" attitude has given infinite satisfaction to all save a thoughtful few. Now and then a voice has been heard crying in the wilderness and saying: "No doubt China is vastly superior to all other countries, and the Chinese are 'foremost in the files of time;' but did not the Master say, 'The intelligent scholar is not ashamed to learn from his inferiors'? Besides, these boasted inventions and discoveries of foreigners were all known to ancient Chinese scholars, as can be proved from their books. But these products of Chinese genius, neglected in the land which gave them birth, gradually travelled westward, and foreigners seeing their value utilized them, and now claim them as their own productions. By making use of them ourselves we shall only be recovering our own." But the pill even thus disguised was still too bitter.

It is probable, however, that could these inventions have been introduced without foreign aid, self-interest would have overcome pride. Could the Chinese have constructed and worked railways, steamers, telegraphs, mills, and mines themselves, they would have done so long ago. But each and all of these meant the employment of foreigners, and the placing of power and influence in their hands, and from this the Chinese shrank with instinctive dread. With the railways and mines in their possession, what was to prevent their getting control of the whole country? The Chinese all along have had the haunting fear that the "barbarians" harboured designs on the fat provinces of China and were with devilish cunning matur-

ing plans to seize them. Every missionary is suspected of being a political spy and of seeking to "buy the hearts of the people" by his schools, hospitals, and other charities. This suspicion has grievously hindered missionary work and has labelled every convert a traitor. It is most unfortunate that recent events should have seemingly countenanced these baseless suspicions.

It is mainly as being foreign that Christianity is objected to. The charge against the native Christians is not that they are followers of Christ, but that they are followers of the "devils," or foreigners. The Chinaman is not a religious enthusiast. His creed is a compound of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism in various proportions, and it is impossible for a man with such a creed to be a fanatic. His hostility is political and racial, not religious. The Boxers called the native converts not Christians, but "*Erh kwei-tsz*" ("number two devils"), foreigners being devils number one, and as such slaughtered them mercilessly.

As might be expected, hostility to foreigners is much more marked among the classes than among the masses. But for the malicious representations of the officials and scholars, the people on the whole would have been friendly. It is a significant fact that foreigners have always been better treated the farther they were from official centres; and Christian missions have been much more successful in the villages and country towns than in the cities where officials congregate. It is not her ignorant masses that have opposed progress, but her scholars. Her light has been darkness.

Hostility to foreigners is also much more pronounced in some provinces than in others. Kwang-tung (Canton) and Kwangsi have always been aggressively anti-foreign; but Hunan has outstripped all China in its hatred of the foreigners and antagonism to everything foreign. In every other province the foreigner did gradually secure a footing, but whenever he showed his face in Hunan he was immediately pelted beyond the border. Broadly speaking, South China is more anti-foreign than the North.

It is discouraging to note that all through the century, except during the short-lived reform movement of 1898, the Chinese have taken no forward step of their own accord. Such improvements as exist have not been spontaneous. The foreigner with his guns stands behind them. Nothing progressive has ever been done willingly by the government. Every concession has been extorted from them by force or threat of force. Even redress of injuries and wrongs has been granted only under pressure. They have gone just as far as they have been forced to go and no farther. We have been rolling a very heavy ball up-hill. But there has been one great and important exception. No force was used or threatened to obtain the large missionary concessions granted during the last forty-two years. This is probably due to the fact that the Manchus found Roman Catholic missionaries already at work in China when they conquered it in 1644, and that the second emperor of the dynasty, the famous Kang-hi, favoured them. It would seem also that the Chinese have much greater dislike to the merchant and the consul than to the missionary. While they have steadily resisted the trader and rigidly confined him to a few ports, they have conceded to the missionary the right of travel and residence in every part of the empire.

A Chinese who sought to excuse or justify the hostility of his countrymen might point to opium, to

war, to seizure of territory, to the spheres-of-influence policy, and to other regrettable things, and we should probably sympathize with many things he might say. All the same his plea would be fictitious. The hostility existed long before these things occurred, and most of them happened in consequence of that hostility. On the whole, China has been kindly dealt with, and has been treated with undeserved and unwise leniency. Her persistent evasion of treaty obligations has been lightly condoned, and her open encouragement of anti-foreign feeling winked at. It would in the end have been much better for her had she been held to a stricter account, and compelled to adopt measures for the enlightenment of her people and the reform of her institutions. The real offence of the foreigner is that he has forced himself into the country in spite of Chinese opposition, and has aggravated that offence by his assumption of equality and even superiority. All other peoples—the Corean, the Mongol, the Tibetan, the Burmese, and others—come as tribute-bearers, acknowledging the suzerainty of the Son of Heaven, and humbly soliciting his favour; but these red-haired barbarians, with offensive arrogance, assume equality with the black-haired people and refuse submission to the Dragon Throne. Their presence in this independent attitude is an insult to the majesty of China, and an offence to her people. Let them own subjection or keep away.

A Chinese might also account for the contempt in which his countrymen hold foreigners by dilating on the drunkenness of sailors and the loose lives of many residents in the treaty ports. But in doing so he would only be playing a part. He knows that bad as many foreigners are, they are more than matched by multitudes among his own countrymen; and he knows also that Chinese object much more to the virtues of foreigners than to their vices. The vices are signs of weakness, and are gloated over; the virtues are evidences of strength, and are feared. It is also a superfluity of hypocrisy for the lying, gambling, opium-smoking, many-wived Chinaman to sniff at the "immoral" foreigner. Moreover, the majority of foreigners in China are neither beasts nor devils, but upright and honourable men, whose public actions and private lives, judged by ordinary standards, are beyond reproach. The fact is, all such pleas as these are false and hypocritical. Missionaries of blameless and saintly lives are often as bitterly hated as any others, and millions who have never seen a European or American cherish the traditional contempt and hostility to the foreigners.

Happily during the last few years there has been a visible change. At the close of the war with Japan (1895) a reform movement sprang up in Pekin and gradually spread throughout the empire. The leaders of the movement were some of China's most brilliant scholars and a few of her highest officials. The bulk of the party consisted of the younger officials, literati, merchants, and gentry. After a time the emperor himself was won over, and soon after a great scheme of reform was inaugurated. Edict after edict was issued, ordering the most radical changes, especially in education, and it looked as if China was about to reconstruct herself after foreign models, as Japan had done. One very marked feature of this movement was the friendly attitude of the leading reformers toward foreigners and toward Christianity. They treated foreigners as equals, courted their society, and showed high appreciation of Western things. Christian-

ity was praised, its moral and civilizing power acknowledged, and a few prominent reformers went so far as to express the wish that it might soon become the national religion of China.

But the old conservative, anti-foreign, progress-hating party took alarm, and having gained over the empress dowager to their side, overthrew the reformers (September, 1898), and restored the old system of ignorance, pride, and hate. The party grew more and more rabid in their hostility to reform and antagonism to things foreign, and eventually adopted the Boxer movement with its motto, "Exterminate the foreigner." But the movement is not national. There are tens of thousands, especially in Central and Southern China, eager for progress and reform, and more or less friendly to foreigners. Until the war with Japan the upper classes of China were practically united in their hostility to the foreigner and to Christianity. Now there is a deep cleft with the Reformers on one side and the Boxers on the other. The former is headed by the emperor, the latter by the empress dowager. —*The Missionary Review of the World.*

THE MOTHER.

BY DORA SIGERSON.

"Ho!" said the child, "how fine the horses go,
With nodding plumes, with measured step and slow.
Who rides within this coach, is he not great?
Some King, I think, for see, he rides in state."

I turned, and saw a little coffin lie
Half-hid in flowers as the slow steeds went by,
So small a woman's arm might hold it pressed
As some rare jewel-casket to her breast;

Or like Pandora's box with pulsing lid,
When throbbing thoughts must lie for ever hid.
"Why this? why this?" comes forth the panting breath,
"And was I born to taste of naught save death?"

"Ho!" said the child, "how the proud horses shake
Their silver harness till they music make.
Who drives abroad with all this majesty?
Is it some Prince who fain this world would see?"

And as I looked I saw through the dim glass
Of one sad coach that all so slow did pass
A woman's face,—a mother's eyes ablaze
Seize on the child in fierce and famished gaze.

"Death drives," I said, and drew him in alarm
Within the shelter of my circling arm.
So in my heart cried out a thousand fears,
"A King goes past." He wondered at my tears.

—*The Spectator.*

CANADA: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

II. INDUSTRIAL AND COMMERCIAL CENTRES OF THE FUTURE.

PROJECTED ROUTE OF THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE development of the country and the construction of railways northward, presupposes a great increase in the general population, and the occupying of territories now uninhabited. Should our treatment of the subject of our possible development prove in the main correct, it would not only imply a great change in the present condition of existing centres of population, but also the locating of centres not now existing. A growth from six to, say, seventy-five millions of people would simply revolutionize matters in this respect. Canada is still, as we have seen, a frontier country with little settlement at any distance from the southern border.

With the spreading of population more or less uniformly over the whole agricultural area, must, of course, come the birth of numerous towns and cities where now the wilderness is supreme. In proportion to our population we have a goodly number of cities, some of which are large, handsome, and substantial. In this respect we compare favourably with any country of similar population, and, doubtless, some at least of the present leading cities will continue to keep pace with the progress of the country, though they are situated near the frontier.

A study of most countries reveals the fact that the chief centres of population are not generally situated on the frontier, but in the interior. An exception, of course, is made with respect to the great entry ports. What is almost universally true of other countries, must, in a great measure, characterize us when the distribution of population becomes more uniform and general. Certain conditions, such as living beside a kindred and friendly race, separated by an extensive border line, together with certain geographical peculiarities, would lead to the suggestion, however, that our frontier cities would be more numerous and larger than if these conditions did not prevail. Thus, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, Victoria, and other centres, have grown and flourished, nor do we think that the fact

* From a forthcoming volume which deals exhaustively with this subject.

that these centres lie near the outer edge of Canadian settlement will materially affect their growth or supremacy in the future. Nevertheless some of the great cities of the Dominion must in time grow up in the heart of the country.

There are, however, causes which must contribute to the continued advance of many of our oldest cities; this is especially true of the maritime cities of Halifax and St. John. Their location makes them each the commercial metropolis of their respective provinces, and in addition to this fact, through their ports must pass the great bulk of Canadian freight and passenger traffic to the Old World, at least in the winter season. They may reasonably be expected to expand greatly and to keep pace with the country's progress.

Similarly also with the ancient city of Quebec ; the extension of ocean traffic to Montreal has, to some extent, been detrimental to the growth of Quebec in the last generation, but with the advent of larger steamers, and a demand for the quickest possible time, together with the extension of new lines of railway into new territories, Quebec is bound to share in the general trade of the St. Lawrence, though it is not necessary to regard her as a rival of Montreal. There will be sufficient prosperity for both. This ancient city, with so much of historic tragedy and romance, is still magnificently located, and is bound to fulfil her early indications of greatness.

But what of the new cities that are to spring up when the country becomes populous, and where will they be located This is a very fascinating question, and one, of course, that cannot be fully answered. Different causes contribute to the growth of cities, and a combination of causes contribute to the upbuilding of great cities, and a strategical position at the gateway of a great nation is almost sure to build up a great shipping port, or a strategical position with respect to manufacturing or mining, or the distribution of trade brings into existence manufacturing or mining or commercial centres; were these factors combined, the centre resulting would be still more important. Doubtless there are locations in Canada where one or all of these advantages may be found and in time they will be revealed. A few of them we may venture to suggest.

It would seem, for instance, that Sydney in Cape Breton must eventually become one of the very largest cities in the Dominion of Canada. Her situation is certainly strategical for two reasons at least, namely, that of the great ocean terminus for freight and passengers, and secondly, as one of the great manufacturing centres of the country. Already the indications of this coming greatness are so apparent that it is doubtful if any centre in eastern Canada will be able to compete with Sydney as a metropolis of the Maritime Provinces. What the next fifty years holds in store for her it is hard to say, but it would not be surprising if she contained one million inhabitants between that time and the end of the century.

Chicoutimi is an ideal terminus for the several trunk lines to the north and west; should this be realized Chicoutimi could not remain a mere country town or village. No place having connections as these railway systems would give, could fail to become great, and we believe that the position of Chicoutimi is such that there is every reason to expect one of Canada's large cities to be located at this point. A place of some importance is also almost sure to develop in eastern Labrador in time.

At some point at the south of James Bay we believe will be located another of the great cities of the

Dominion; its exact location may depend upon the securing of the best harbour, and opinion is divided as to the advantages of the several harbours there, but at one of these points, because of its wonderful location with respect to northern navigation, and its relation to converging railway lines, there is almost sure to grow up in time a large and wealthy city. Its similarity of location would suggest for it a Chicago of the north. It is quite probable that cities of considerable importance, as we have already intimated, may be located at Fort George, on the east coast of James Bay, and also at Fort York or Churchill on the west coast.

The development of the United States indicates that at certain intervals large cities are uniformly found as distributing centres for large surrounding sections; this would suggest, as far as the Canadian North-West is concerned, a number of cities of considerable importance at reasonable intervals. Probably one near the mouth of the Saskatchewan, or at the head of Lake Winnipeg, perhaps another near Fort Chippawa on Lake Athabasca, and probably another near Fort Providence on Great Slave Lake. These, however, must be regarded in the light of suggestion, as the undeveloped character of the country gives no clue to any more definite knowledge.

The more southern sections of the West are already sufficiently developed to indicate what are likely to be at least some of the important centres of that part of the country. Regina, Calgary, Prince Albert, and Edmonton have each something to suggest an assured future, so also have some of the newer towns of southern British Columbia. In the northern part of British Columbia it is difficult to speak more than in a general way, though, as has already been intimated, there seems every reason to believe that a city of fair proportions will mark the terminus of a transcontinental railway somewhere near the mouth of the Skeena River. Dunvegan also has claims to future importance.

Some of the most progressive cities of Canada are still in their infancy; they have grown up as if by magic; this is especially so of Winnipeg and Vancouver, to say nothing of Dawson. History is constantly repeating itself, and this is pre-eminently the age of rapid development; and it may be that some of these prospective cities may come into existence as rapidly as those already named, others may grow more slowly, but with all it is only a matter of time.

THE CURE OF THE FIELDS.

I went adown the great green fields,
  Weary and spent with care;
My heart was sad, and my spirit had
  A burden sore to bear.
But they led me to pray in their own grand
    way,
  And I left my trouble there.

Great and green and calm were they,
  And they bade me be at rest;
For God was above, and his wondrous love
  In them was manifest;
And to me there came, at a tired child's
    claim,
  A benediction blest.

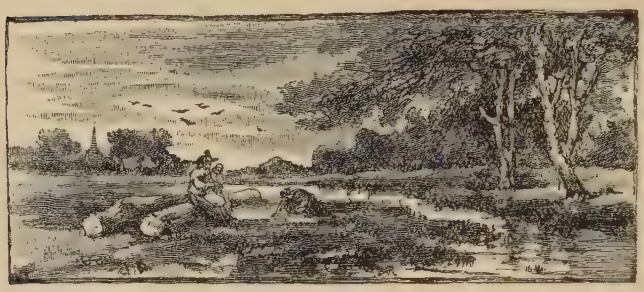
"Faith," said the grasses soft and low.
  Oh, but the sound was dear!
"Hope," said the light of the sunshine
    bright.
  How could I choose but hear?
"Love," said each voice, "and so rejoice,
  Child of the earth, nor fear."

I went my way from the great green fields,
  And I left my sorrow there;
For they had taught my puzzled thought
  The spirit of their prayer,
And I joyed to know that I could not go
  Beyond our Father's care.

—*Angelus.*

THE BALLAD OF LONDON RIVER.

BY MAY BYRON.



From the Cotswolds, from the Chilterns, from your fountains and your springs,
Flow down, O London river, to the seagull's silver wings:
Isis or Ock or Thame,
Forget your olden name,
And the lilies and the willows and the weirs from which you came.

Forego your crystal shallows and your limpid, lucid wave,
Where the swallows dart and glisten, where the purple blooms are brave,
For the city's dust and din,
For the city's slime and sin,
For the toil and sweat of Englishmen with all the world to win.

The stately towers and turrets are the children of a day:
You see them lift and vanish by your immemorial way:
The Saxon and the Dane,
They dared your deeps in vain,—
The Roman and the Norman,—they are past, but you remain.

Your Water-Gate stands open o'er your turbid tide's unrest,
To welcome home your children from the East and from the West,
O'er every ocean hurl'd,
Till the tattered sails are furl'd
In the avenue of empire, in the highway of the world.

The argosies of Egypt, the golden fleets of Ind,
In streaming flocks and coveys they beat adown the wind:
Heavy with priceless stores
They hover to your doors,
They lay their lordly merchandise on your insatiate shores.

The gallant boy you beckon; to his eager eyes agleam
You vaunt your ancient glory, and you haunt his waking dream:
His leaping veins you fire,
His valiant hopes inspire,
And he woos you for the pathway to his utmost heart's desire.

You draw him to his destiny, you lure him to his fate:
With tales of old adventure his soul you subjugate,
With sounds of quay and creek,
And the ripple grey and sleek,
And the rough winds in the ratlins where they pipe their summons bleak.

He sees the wharf and shipyard, the mooring post and crane,
The dock-bridge swinging open, the bollard and the chain:
All day the hammers ring,
All night the flare-lights fling
Their tremulous arms of welcome to the pilgrims that you bring.

Long magic hours he gazed from the Bridge's middle arch,
At the masts in thronging medley, at the sea-hosts on the march,
Whether crowding side by side
Comes the pageant of your pride,
Or you turn your traffic seaward at the falling of the tide.

He sees forgotten navies in their triumphs and despairs,—
King George's ships, King Charles's ships, are moored by Blackwall Stairs:
The men whose boisterous breath
Acclaimed Elizabeth,
Their gusty cheering rings to him from out the doors of death.

So you drag him out and onward, so you cast him from the shore,
Till he lose the last wan glimmer of the lightship off the Nore:
To him, to him alone,
'Neath empty skies unknown,
The sea shall show her sorrows, and her joys shall be his own.

Then you call him, call him, call him, from the ultimate ends of earth,
You wrench his heart with hunger for the city of his birth:
And his senses you befool,
Till in Rio or Stamboul
He hears the roar of London and the shoutings in the Pool.

And the vessel hurries homeward under sun and under stars,
She flies, all canvas crowded, or she drifts beneath bare spars,
Till the rattling cordage creak,
And the whistling block shall speak,
And the groaning yards make answer, Lo, the haven that we seek.

The squalours and the splendours that have girt you as you go,
The majesty and meanness, your sons again shall know,
While the grinding hawser slips,
And the falling anchor grips,
And they haul the huddled foresail down in London of the Ships.

Then swing us to the surges, through the hurricane to grope,
With iron ills to grapple, with crushing odds to cope:
One with your flood are we,
Blood of your blood we be,
Beating eternal measure still to the pulses of the sea.

AMID COREAN HILLS.

BY PICTOR IGNOTUS.

SIX months in Japan had given us a taste of the Orient. But we were hungry for more, and determined to cross to the "Hermit Nation." My Japanese pictures had been pronounced a success, but after all they had not roused the world to my claims. In fact the world went on quite as calmly as if I had not painted them? But still I carry my canvas with me, and try to make myself believe I am working hard as we travel. Malcolm, dear fellow, is more honest, and owns that his only purpose in these travels of ours is to gain health of body and breadth of mind. And I have no doubt he will ultimately be more satisfied than I in my goose-chase after fame.

COREAN MANDARIN.

We were on board the "Pelican," heading toward Corea, with a brisk breeze and a sunny sea. A middle-aged globe-trotter was sitting on his camp-chair at the extreme end of the ship's deck, where he felt the full force of the dip of the vessel. He looked almost as rusty as the old ship itself, but he had an extensive knowledge of Oriental countries, as we soon learned.

"Corea?" he said, when we spoke of our destination, "Oh, well, you must take in the whole of the seven wonders. I've never seen them all myself, and I have my great doubts of some of them, but look them up, look them up. The Coreans will tell you about them."

Of the seven wonders we had never heard, we told him.

"Well, the Coreans could tell you better than I. There's first the hot mineral spring near Kin-Shantoa. The people believe that a dip in this spring will cure any disease. Another one is a couple of springs on the opposite side of the peninsula. They are connected by a subterranean passage, and when one is full the other is empty. But the strange part is, though they are connected, the water in one is bitter, and in the other sweet."

"Then there is a cavern from which a winter wind is always blowing, so strong, they tell me, that a man cannot stand before it. There is a stone that has lain glowing with heat on a hill from remote ages, and a pine forest that they cannot kill out, no matter what injury they do to its roots. But the most wonderful

of all is the 'floating stone.' You've probably heard of it. It seems to stand in front of the palace they have built in its honour. It appears to be free from support on all sides, and they tell me that two men can pass a rope under it, without finding any obstacle.

"Of course, I am not going to vouch for all these wonders, you know. The seventh of them is a drop of the sweat of Buddha. They have it enshrined in a temple, and not a blade of grass will grow for thirty paces around it. It is a sacred square. No animal will dare to profane it."

Thus, with talk and tales, our minds were prepared for the strange new country that lay before us—a country that in spite of its limited area, contains double the population of Canada, a country whose national policy is "Courtesy to the east, respect to the west, tribute to both, and no foreigners wanted in the kingdom," or rather empire, one might say now, since the King of Corea informed the great powers some few years back, that he had had himself proclaimed Emperor.

It was just break of day when we caught our first glimpse of Corea. It looked at first like some huge old German castle, or else a range of hills, through which the storms have worn deep trenches. So hilly is it, a French missionary once compared the general appearance of Corea to the ocean under a strong gale. But we found that what we had compared to crooked trenches were in reality narrow winding valleys, that reminded us of the puzzle gardens of our childhood.

During our first days, however, we found enough to observe in the sea-front, without betaking ourselves out among the hills.

The prevailing white garb that we saw everywhere, particularly on the men, made us feel at first that the

COREAN SOLDIERS.

"Hermit Nation" was out on a sort of holiday, but when we saw the women of the land struggling at their task of keeping these white robes of their lords clean, without soap, we realized that the holiday was as one-sided as it was continual.

"Don't work. Leave the work for the women." That is the Corean's settlement of industrial problems.

The women cultivate the fields and bring the produce to the "Chang," or market. Labour is degrading in the eyes of the Corean. So he leaves it to the degraded sex. The word for labour is akin to that for damage, loss, evil, misfortune. The Corean's idea of being genteel and well-bred is synonymous with doing nothing. He will always strive to make it apparent to you that he does no work. And with the general poverty and filth that surround him, he does not have to make a very great effort to con-

EMPEROR LI-HSI OF COREA.

vince you of his "honourable idleness."

Our first concern on landing was to find an inn. We had not expected to rest on downy and fragrant couches. An article on Corean inns that we had been reading on the steamship had filled us with expectations that were not exactly *couleur de rose.* Said this writer:

"The floor is mud, the walls are mud, and the roof is mud. The floor is covered with a dirty reed mat. The innkeeper kindly provides chunks of wood for the weary traveller to rest his head upon, and a wooden lamp stand, covered with oil and dirt, with a lamp which emits a very unpleasant smell and gives very little light. The room, as a rule, opens out on to the stables, and the smell of the stables pervades the room, mixes with the smell of the lamp and the smell of the Corean pickles, and produces an odour which is new to most people outside Corea."

We found the description not far from the truth. But it was not the lack of material comforts so much as the curiosity of the native that troubled us. Privacy is always associated with evil in the Corean mind. Does a man want to be alone or get out of sight for five minutes? That man, says the Corean, is up to some mischief. Has he any affairs he does not want to tell his neighbours? Something wrong there.

The ordinary questions of the street are: "Where are you going? What's your business? Whom is your letter from?" And the friendly neighbours will group around the happy recipient of the letter and help him decipher its contents. To refuse to share this confidence would be a gross insult. There is something sweetly primitive after all in this all-confiding innocence. But we did not in the least enjoy this curiosity at the inn.

We had the usual luck of travellers in being unable to get a room to ourselves. Scarcely had we put down our grips before the natives began to steal in by twos and threes to look us over. They felt our clothes, picked up our brushes, pressed the sponges; in short, exam-

ON A COUNTRY ROAD IN COREA—GOING TO THE CHANG OR WEEKLY MARKET.

A NATIVE TEACHER AND HIS PUPILS—FUSAN, COREA.

ined every article of our toilet as we laid it out for use, smoking all the while the most vile-smelling tobacco. The fact of our wanting to wash and dress, and get brushed up after our voyage did not offend their sense of propriety in the least.

As for our sense of propriety—well, we had been travelling for some time now. It was well, too, since everything one does in Corea must be done before the eyes of the curious natives, who sit around and watch with solemn countenance while you dress or undress. Even while you say your prayers some one bends over you to see what it is all about.

As we had no privacy within, we decided to spend a good deal of time without doors. Some one has already compared the appearance of Corean towns to that of a collection of haystacks that have wintered out. The houses are mostly one-story huts of stone and mud, with thatched roofs, except those of the wealthy classes, and these are tiled. The houses through whose open doors we glanced were almost devoid of furniture. The family occupied the floor in lieu of chairs.

A huge bell suddenly startled us with its solemn sound, as we wandered about that evening. We learned that this bell every night at nine o'clock gave the signal for men to come in off the streets. It is the women's hour, when they may pour forth from their cramped quarters. Any man unfortunate enough to be caught out after this must face the severe penalty of the law.

"In some things Corea isn't so far behind," said Malcolm, with his dry smile.

The Corean woman has anything but a happy lot. The toil and drudgery of the land lies heaviest on her shoulders. She lives in al-

BRIDGE ON THE PATH TO LAK-KUM-SAH MONASTERY.

ARROW GATEWAY AND ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY.

most entire seclusion in the small rooms assigned her. She has no mental culture, no knowledge of the outside world. For her husband to converse with her often would show a lack of good taste on his part. She is far beneath him; at his death she must not re-marry, but must mourn the loss of her master the rest of her life.

We had planned that as early as possible in our Corean tour we should visit one of the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Rev. James Garston. Oddly enough, our journey took us past one of the monasteries of Buddha, where dwells the abbot of Suk-Wang-Sa. Mr. Garston had suggested in his letter giving directions, that we call on the abbot on the way. It was after a journey of nearly twenty miles through the heat and malaria of the rice-fields that we arrived at the monastery, and were kindly greeted by the monstrously fat abbot and by his following of monks and priests. He inquired in a manner that reminded us of the Japanese, "Could our honourable stomachs tolerate the fare of his poor abbey?" We certainly could not complain of lack of hospitality that evening, as we shared their meal of rice, pressed sea-weed, and roots.

But the interesting part of our visit was the midnight hour. We were awakened by the low, dull roar of drums that echoed through the monastery Then came the chanting monotone of monkish voices, "Namu Amita Bul! Namu Amita Bul! I put my trust in Buddha! I put my trust in Buddha!"

We then watched them as, prostrated upon the stone floor, they repeated faster and faster their cry to the brass-faced god. Some of these monks had been going through these midnight rites for upwards of half a century. The worship ended at the sound of beautiful bells with varied voices, and once again the monastery

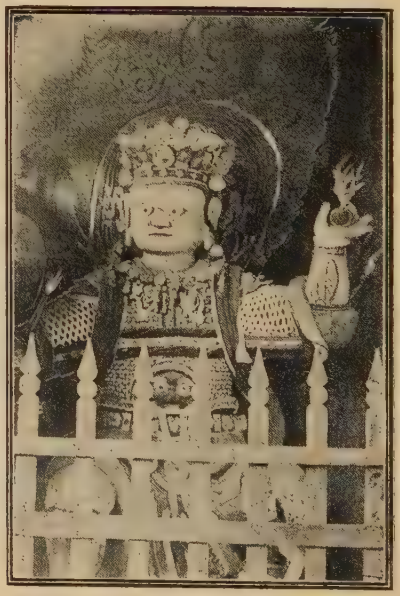


FIGURE AT TEMPLE GATEWAY.

AN EXTERIOR WALL OF TEMPLE.

Native Christian Teacher—Two little boys given by their parents to the monastery to be educated as Buddhist priests—The lady is the author of this article.

slept under the calm light of the Corean moon.

Next day we pressed on toward the village where our missionary friend was stationed at the time. It was an entrancing journey through the red summer hills. We travelled with ponies, and the Corean pony is a character in himself. But we have not time to discuss his amiable and unamiable characteristics just now. We have matters of greater moment. We had been in the midst of a heathen stronghold, but now we were to see Christian Corea, just as we had seen Christian Japan.

There would be no need to preach missionary sermons to rouse the Church, if her people could only see these new-born churches in the lands of darkness. Mere spots they may be in the great densely-populated nations, but spots of life nevertheless in the midst of death. We had been studying the ease-loving, pain-hating Corean. But next day we sat in the house of the enthusiastic missionary, and heard tales of sacrifice that made our lives pale into insignificance in comparison—tales of men beaten with rods till their flesh hung in rags and their bones disjointed; aged men bound with cords and water poured over them, freezing as it fell! And all borne for the name of Jesus Christ! All these horrors in Corea? Yes, and no further back than the beginning of last century.

But, in spite of these persecutions, ten years after the baptism of the first Corean convert, there were four thousand Christians in that land. Surely the land yields an abundant harvest. We had heard much of the work the open Bible was doing

in Corea, but had never pictured a land where men were gathering in little knots to discuss it on the street. Then we remembered how we had laughed in derision at the Corean's habit of curiosity. Perhaps this very trait had led him to look more fully into the new religion of the cross. To men, too, accustomed to share their letters and confidences on the highway, what more natural that they should discuss this new grace in their hearts, and that each as he discovered new truths in the Book of Life should share it with his fellows.

land where Protestantism planted its banner for the first time in the year 1883.

Another day we were sitting on the steps of the missionary's cottage, when a blind man came up the path. He walked without a cane, feeling his way with his great wooden shoes with their turn-up toes. On his sightless face was a light there was no mistaking. It was the peace of God. And this was Blind An. We had read far away in Canada of a conversation one of the missionaries had had with him. "Life is very different now to me," An had said;

TEMPLE WITH IMAGES OF FORMER ABBOTS AND MONKS.

Mr. Garston pointed out to us, on the way to one of his distant services one day, a little village church that had cost the builders untold, persistent efforts. They had no funds to start with, but the congregations had grown too large for the houses where they were wont to meet, and so they had been encouraged till, step by step, and piece by piece, the little church was completed as it now stood before us. No mission funds had helped them. They had done it all themselves, and this in a

"The words of Jesus are very sweet. What ones do I like best? 'Ye cannot serve two masters,' and 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart.' And of all the incidents of Jesus' life I love most the story of the healing of the man who was born blind."

"Do you know all your Bible so well?" I asked.

"I know it well," answered An.

"Do you know what is the fifteenth chapter of Luke?"

"O, yes," he replied; "the par-

ables of the lost sheep, the lost coin, and the prodigal son. You see," he said, "I think of the gospels all the time. In my little room at the gate others read them to me. Is it possible that anything else could be so sweet to me?"

"Do you know it makes me wish I had prepared for a missionary?" I said to Malcolm, as we sat on the threshold thinking of these things. The Corean breeze from over the far red hills came fanning our brows, and the wild apricots shook their wealth of blossoms all around us. Inside we heard the voice of the missionary's daughter singing:

"Heard ye the voice from over the sea,
Not far from the 'Flowery Land'?
'Tis the 'Hermit Kingdom' that calls to thee
From the land of the 'Morning Calm,'
'Come over and help us.' Heard ye the cry!
'Come quickly, the harvest is white;'
'Say not, "four months,"' or by and by,
Corea askes now for the light.

"Millions of hands are outstretched there
To receive the living bread;
And multitudes by her rocky shores
Stand waiting to be fed.
Heard ye the voice? 'Tis the Master now
As He speaks the word of command;
Hearken attentive, and to it bow,
'Go ye into all the land.'

"'Why stand ye idle?' 'The harvest is white,'
And the labourers, oh, so few!
Hasten, young man, to do with thy might,
The Master is calling for you.
The day declineth, O slothful Church,
And the night cometh on apace,
Awake and heed the voice of thy King,
'His business' requireth haste."

THE LURE OF THE WOODLAND.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Green o' leaf, sheen o' leaf, tremulous, wavery,
Where down the aisleways the errant airs blow;
Arras of maple-boughs—emerald bravery!
Always the twilight, and never the glow.

Wren-call and glen-call—a thrush fluting mellowly—
And a far whip-poor-will mournful and faint,
Then a near robin-note, friendly and fellowly,
And the small phœbe-bird's die-away plaint.

Rook-gabble; brook-babble; jewel-weed shimmering;
And the tall bee-balm with torches alight;
And in the darksomemost recesses glimmering,
Lo! the white ghost-flowers, like stars in the night!

Lure o' heart, every part—mystery, magicry;
Wonder!—a world of it hid from the day!
Cure for care everywhere, balm for life's tragicry;
Up, then, my comrade, and let us away!

—*The Outlook.*

BALM.

After the heat the dew and the tender touch of twilight;
The unfolding of the few
Calm stars.
After the heat, the dew.

After the sun the shade, and beatitude of shadow;
Dim aisles for memory made,
And thought.
After the sun, the shade.

After all there is balm; from the wings of dark there is wafture
Of sleep,—night's infinite psalm,—
And dreams.
After all, there is balm.

—*Virginia Woodward Cloud, in The Atlantic.*

A STUDY OF SWINBURNE FROM HIS SHORTER POEMS.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

MR. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

ONE might distinctively describe Swinburne as the poet of the passing away of things. The meeting—the fading—the drift—the decay—the evanescence—these are the strings of his lyre that vibrate most often. Is there a green leaf on the bough? Swinburne sees it shrivel. Is there a flower on the hill-side? He sees it fade. A bird singing to the dawn-light? Soon its song will be silence. A pair of lovers strolling on the shore? Yet a little while and that tender passion will be dead as the sea-sands beneath their feet.

> "All things sweet
> In time wax bitter again."

> "But with the incessant hours
> Fresh grief and greener woe
> Spring, as the sudden sun
> Year after year makes flowers;
> And these die down and grow,
> And the next year lacks none."

One finds everywhere in his poems this echo of change and decay, as

> "Delight that lives an hour
> And love that lives a day."

And in his "Garden of Proserpine"—

> "We are not sure of sorrow
> And joy was never sure;
> To-day will die to-morrow;
> Time stoops to no man's lure;
> And love grown faint and fretful,
> With lips but half regretful,
> Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
> Weeps that no loves endure."

Or, in "Before the Mirror"—

> "Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
> Since joys go by;
> Sad, but not bent with sadness,
> Since sorrows die."

And in "Rococo"—

> "Life treads down love in flying,
> Time withers him at root;
> Bring all things dead and dying,
> Reaped sheaf and ruined fruit,
> Where crushed by three days' pressure
> Our three days' love lies slain;
> And earlier leaf of pleasure
> And latter flower of pain."

One turns gladly from this sentiment of change and decay to Tennyson's

> "Love is love for evermore."

> "Love's too precious to be lost,
> A little grain shall not be spilt."

One turns, too, back to that old Biblical love-song of Solomon with its "Love is strong as death," "Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it."

Doubtless this is one of the reasons why Swinburne with his re-

markable genius is not more deeply enshrined in the hearts and lives of men. It is as though he sees but the shifting shadows of a great rock of realities, and has no perception of the rock itself. He has lost the vision of the "everlasting hills"; he has lost the grasp of the "eternalness" (if one may coin the word) of the deeper things of life. Keats, dying in his youth, spoke of his own fame as "writ in water." But Swinburne sees all things as "writ in water." It is thus because he is the poet of the passing of things that his name, too, passes from the place his genius should accord him in the hearts of men. The rose may fade; the leaf may wither; the voices of loved ones may be hushed in that long silence. But deep in the hearts of men there is an abiding conviction, whether clear or vague, that all this change and death and decay is but the making way for the things that endure. Nor can you persuade men easily that the most sacred passions that actuate our lives are only passing things—the emotions of a night. The word "eternal" has a satisfying echo in the human soul. And no poet can be truly great who fails to give voice to the higher yearnings of men's hearts. That is where Swinburne fails.

> "The song of woe
> Is after all an earthly song."

And Swinburne has not caught those diviner strains that lead men up to higher things. A man of genius and of power he certainly is. No other living poet has the same melody of language, the ravishing wealth of words, the splendid tapestried imagery, the light musical glide of the hand over the lyre. Swinburne is a scholar as well as a poet, a critic as well as an artist. One might say of him as he himself said of Rossetti, "His poetry has all the grace of force and all the force of grace." One feels almost inclined to break into song in reading his lyrics, so resonant, so musical, so melodious in their flow. It is true that, in a large sense, Swinburne has made a poetry of his own. His lines sparkle and ripple with rhythm like the waves of the sea, and like the sea waves, roll away in a long series of swelling vibrations, as in his "Forsaken Garden," where

> "The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
> To the low last edge of the long lone land."

The poem abounds in this alliterative music. It is as if he had stayed the sea he loved so well and chained its rhythm to his song.

And again, in "By the North Sea,"

> "The pastures are herdless and sheepless,
> No pasture or shelter for herds,
> The wind is relentless and sleepless,
> And restless and songless the birds."

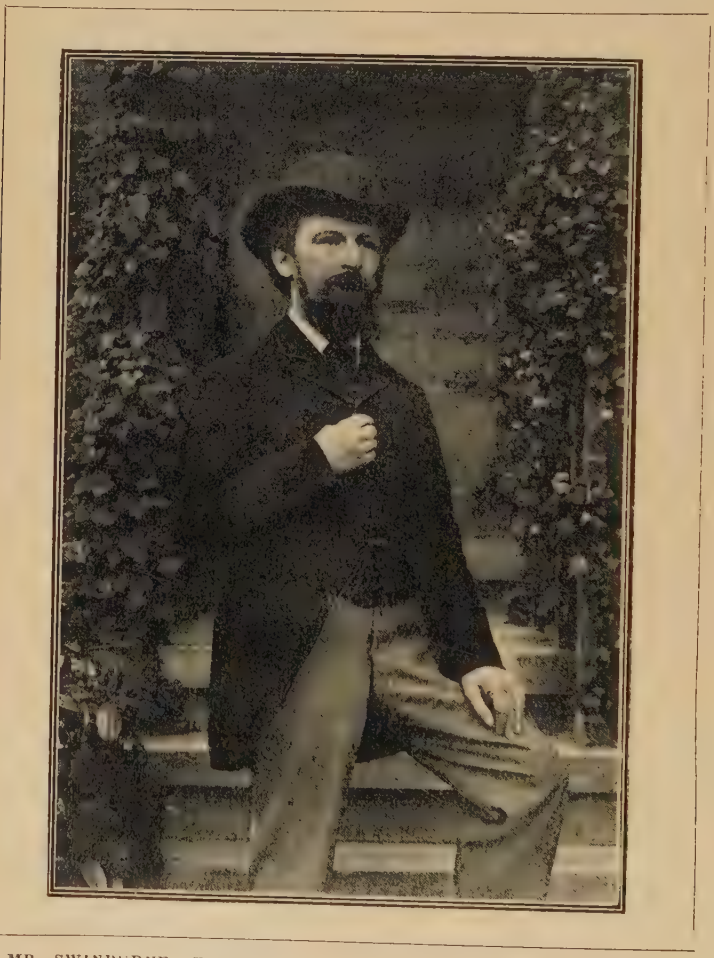
It is not so much his wealth of words as his manifold ways of using them that makes his vocabulary rich. It is often as though he sounded the same word in all the different keys. His poetry abounds in musical phrases, peculiarly his own, as the "liquid, low twilight," the "wild wind-footed years," "old moons and last year's flowers, and last year's snows."

Again, note the softness of touch in the words—

> "Where the silver-sandalled shadows are
> Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar."

With all his scholarship, and he is a scholar of no mean rank, his highest degree has been taken in the university of the Great Outdoors. It is to Nature he appeals in all his moods. He knows her dawn-lights, her evening caresses, her midnight whispers. Star, sea, rock, sky, are all alive to him and his soul enjoys a mystic communion with them all. Doubtless much of this love of Nature is a heritage from his Northum-

berland ancestors. The impress of the North beauty that slumbered for generations in the souls of those sturdy Borderers has suddenly burst into the flames of genius in him. Doubtless, too, his boyhood home in the beautiful Isle of Wight did much



MR. SWINBURNE—FROM AN EARLY PHOTO BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.

to nourish the imaginative, nature-loving mind.

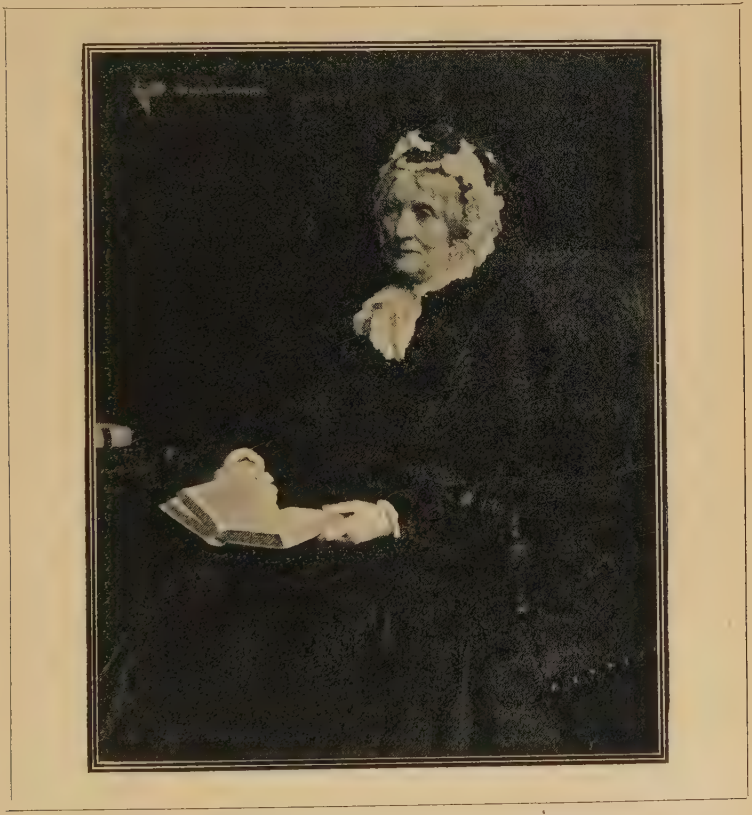
But it is at sight of the sea he breaks into his most thrilling songs. As to Byron, the sea is to Swinburne a living soul:

"For the sea, too, seeks and rejoices,
Gains and loses and gains,
And the joy of her heart's own choice s
As ours, and as ours are her pains;
As the thoughts of our hearts are her voices,
And as hers is the pulse of our veins."

Seas—seas smiling, seas gray, seas that heave and blacken, seas that glimmer in silvery rest, seas awake and full-breasted, seas low-lapping their shore, Swinburne has watched by them all. He can moan with the sea's moan; he can sing with her song. He knows her playfulness and her passions, he knows even the mysteries hidden in her deeps.

But his love of Nature, in spite of its ardour, is after all a misunderstanding love. It is a sensuous, rather than a sentient, thing. He knows Nature, and yet he knows her not. One feels after all that it is her robes he is touching at times instead of herself—her russet and purple, her crimson and olive, her smiles and tears, but not her heart of hearts. He has fallen when she would have led him into the inner sanctum. He sees her change and decay and bury her dead, and fails to grasp the great lesson of the eternal fatherhood of God. He has walked all his life with her ; he knows her tricks and fancies and moods. He can describe her faithfully, but he cannot always interpret her faithfully. He has missed her greatest self. He has missed the God in Nature. Else we would not find his genius in the cesspool of pessimism where it welters.

Perhaps his nature has been in some measure warped by the solitude and precocity of his childhood. For we read of his days at Eton that he had a lonely life there, that he took no part in the sports of the other boys, and was constantly bullied by them. At an age when other children are playing marbles he was taking Shakespeare to bed with him. There is little doubt that a childhood of overmuch thought and too much solitude, while it did much to develop his genius, gave, nevertheless, a melancholy and pessimistic



LADY JANE HENRIETTA SWINBURNE, AT THE AGE OF 83.

trend to his after-life. It is hard to overcome the effects of a lonely childhood.

It is said that genius develops in solitude, character in the stream of life. But in order to rightly use the former, it is necessary to have developed considerable of the latter. This is where Swinburne is lacking. His genius is a mad horse, plunging into hopeless seas with its rider.

Nevertheless, there are fine traits in his character. Few men have a greater reverence for childhood than he. In the presence of a babe his pantheism, materialism, atheism, and all his other objectionable "isms," vanish like shadows before an angel of light. His belief seems not unlike Wordsworth's, as expressed in his "Intimations of Immortality." The line,

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"

has its counterpart in Swinburne's

"O child, what news from heaven?"

It would be hard to find in our language a more reverent tribute to infancy than that in his "Herse"—

"Hush! for the holiest thing that lives is here,
And heaven's own heart how near!
How dare we that may gaze not on the sun,
Gaze on this verier one?
Heart, hold thy peace; eyes, be cast down for shame;
Lips, breathe not yet its name.
In heaven they know what name to call it; we,
How should we know? for see!
The adorable sweet living marvellous
Strange light that lightens us
Who gaze, desertless of such glorious grace,
Full in a babe's warm face!
All roses that the morning rears are naught,
All stars not worth a thought,
Set this one star against them, or suppose
As rival this one rose."

It is in lines like these we see Swinburne approaching our ideal of what with his genius he might have been. Perhaps the reverence with which he has knelt at the feet of childhood will cover much in the eyes of Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Another title Swinburne has to greatness is his appreciation of others. There are few more distinctive marks of a great mind than ability to distinguish, and willingness to acknowledge the greatness of other minds. In his sonnets particularly our poet forgets the cloudiness of life, and is lost in the light radiating from other souls. Shakespeare, Dickens, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and many others, receive his honest praise. Among all his heroes no name seems to be more highly exalted than that of Victor Hugo.

"Thou art chief of us, and lord;
Thy song is as a sword
Keen-edged and scented in the blade from flowers;
Thou art lord and king. . . ."

Nevertheless, ardently as he admired Hugo, he fails to reach up to the faith that was his. In spite of the revered writer's trust in God, Swinburne sees only night and clouds and the hollows of darkness. He has not the bitterness of Byron; he has a gloom that is rather more akin to Rossetti. It is a peculiar scepticism he indulges, yet not so peculiar when we consider how many lesser men have indulged the same. It is seldom a questioning doubt. If it were it might question its way through the clouds and profit by the struggle. But Swinburne does not question, at least not often. He accepts as inevitable the gray above, and the gray all about him, and keeps on murmuring with sad lips his "I know not." In the "Garden of Proserpine" he says:

"From too much love of living
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving

Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

If in his poems we found more evidences of struggling doubt, if we found him wrestling towards the light, we might give his beliefs more sympathy. But there is, after all, something puny in this submission to the weight of a cloud he never tries to pierce. Nevertheless, though we do not find him wrestling for the light, we find now and then, especially in his memorial poems, a sort of after-glow, as though in his heart of hearts there had once been a gleam of light. For example, in his "Christmas Antiphones":

"God whose breast is rest
In the time of strife,
In Thy secret breast
Sheltering souls opprest
From the heat of life."

One can hardly conceive of lines like these as coming from the pen of an unbeliever. And yet we turn the pages and find this reference to God:

"We know He hath made us and is king;
We know not if He care for anything."

Naturally these beliefs have led to a certain laxity in his moral views, and critics have descried a sensuousness, especially in his poems and ballads. In his prose work, too, he congratulates Rossetti in that his name is not found among "those passionate evangelists of positive beliefs," who dwarf themselves and their fellows by restrictions of creed. But, like most of humanity, in the hour of bereavement he reaches out a little more earnestly after God and heaven and eternal things. In writing of the death of his father, he says:

"Fourscore years since and come but one month more,
The count were perfect of his mortal score
Whose sail went seaward yesterday from shore
To cross the last of many an unsailed sea.
The life, the spirit and the work were one
That here—ah! who shall say, that here are done?
Not I, that know not; father, not thy son,
For all the darkness of the night and sea."

Yet, even then, in the shadow of his father's death-bed, it is but a vague hope he has. Perhaps something hereafter. Who can say? Possibly it is not the "end all." Perhaps, after all, there is a beyond.

But there is no decided assurance. No firm rock for him. No Pauline confidence—"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." One regrets to turn away thus from one believed by many to be the greatest of living poets; yet we leave him voyaging alone on dark seas to a shore he knows not. Many a babe has looked into the face of the Father and grasped more truly the meaning of life, and for this reason Swinburne cannot be a great poet because, with all his melancholy melodies, he is not capable of being a leader of men.

This is all the more to be regretted since his patriotism, his love of liberty, his sympathy with every movement for the betterment of man—with qualities like these he should have made a thrilling singer of the nation's songs. His impassioned love of liberty is breathed most strongly in his magnificent "Song of Italy," and also in his "Litany of Nations." In the paragraph on Switzerland in this latter poem he says:

"I am she that shows on mighty limbs and maiden
Nor chain nor stain;
For what blood can touch these hands with gold unladen,
These feet what chain?"

No pen is more loyal to England than was Swinburne's when of her flag he wrote:

" Let England's, if it float not for men free,
Fall, and forget the sea."

His "Song of Italy" vibrates with the very pulsations of liberty. The freedom of winds and waves and skies seems sweeping through its lines. It is in a poem like this Swinburne is his noblest self.

NOTE.—Algernon Charles Swinburne, born 1837, is a son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne and the Lady Jane Henrietta, daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. His paternal grandfather was Sir John Edward Swinburne, Baronet. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, in both of which institutions he seems to have impressed his masters and professors with his superior ability. He also made several trips to the continent, but did not have the "foreign bringing up" that is often accredited him.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

The small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;

Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
  Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
  Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,
Sat three-year old Dick, like a king in his state,
Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
  Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Laughing eyes, blue as the blue laughing sea,
  Smiles rippling over twin coral and pearls;
Dainty white arms tossing up in their glee,
Baby voice shouting as merry and free
  As the sea-breezes tumbling those sunshiny curls.

O Richard, my king, what do babies' blue eyes
  Discern of the beauty of sea and of shore?
As much as the little sandpiper that flies
Where the crisp ripples curve, or the small waves that rise,
  When the floods clap their hands and rejoice evermore?

Do I slander the soul of my small "human boy"?
  Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ.
Ha! Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
  Of the little white horses all racing for shore?

The tiny uplifted arm paused in the air,
  The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
  "Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
  All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!
  "No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'Ittle white beggars," he murmured again.
  Oh, little white breakers, you mean, I suppose.
"*Not* 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
  "'Ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

Little white beggars—well, that's an idea!
  Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
What these little white beggars came begging for here;
And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
  "Dey beg for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

ANDRÉ CHÉNIER,

THE FRENCH POET WHOSE GENIUS WAS CONSECRATED BY MARTYRDOM.

BY PASTOR FELIX (REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART).

Through the streaming streets
Of Paris red-eyed Massacre, o'erwearied,
Reel'd heavily, intoxicate with blood.

. . . . . .

Congenial souls alone
Shed tears of sorrow for each other's fate.
—*Coleridge:* "*The Fall of Robespierre.*"

HEN the elder D'Israeli became the historian of calamitous authors, he might have been supposed essaying a task to deter the throng who elbow at the Muses' gates, and seek to force their way to Fame's glittering temple. It does not, however, appear that this somewhat gruesomely disheartening book has had any appreciable influence to withhold the devotees of "proud Ambition." Such an appeal could successfully be made only to cowardly hearts; and poets are not usually of the prudential, calculating tribe. "Behold! a lion in the way!" is a very joy-provoking cry to some who languish in untroubled shades, and is lure enough to the lovers of Minerva and of Urania. The heroes and poets who are to be crowned must always be selected from the eager oncomers,—the luminous, fragrant, enduring spirits, who are proven, out of the multitude of those who presume.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame,"

and incident to our condition here; but, various as are the calamities enumerated by our author, he does not mention them all: The long-enduring hopes, at last disappointed; the mortification of wounded vanity and wounded love; the degradation of vice and poverty; the slavery of the pen; the failure of recognition and appreciation; the bitterness of scornful, adverse criticism; the heart-burnings of needy Genius at seeing his successful product pass beyond his control, swelling the gains of others; the infirmities of temper and character; the illnesses of the body; the insanity of the mind; irritability, melancholy, spleen, remorse; imprisonment, solitude, loneliness, ennui, despair;—all these he parades, somewhat pedantically, in long and dismal array. But *one* he does not mention;—and, perhaps, in the case of most unfortunate authors, he does not consider *that a calamity*—the imposition of death by violence. He might say, with Burns' aged pilgrim,—

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But oh,—a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn."

Yes, this may be the language of the outworn life; but what affinity have youth and genius and splendid life with the axe, the halter, the darkness and oblivion of "the wormy grave."

In his pages we learn nothing of the Royal Poet, who sang the sweetness of love and of springtime,* yet perished by the dagger of the assassin; of him who shone, "a bright peculiar star" in the galaxy of Elizabeth,† yet fell a victim of papal hate and the servility of a vacillating, compliant pedant-king; or of the sorrowful Cavalier, Montrose, who perished by the headsman's stroke; or of the youthful Chenier, the poet-martyr of the French Revolution. Yet, of unfortunates, their fate was most tragic. Want, neglect, maltreatment, poverty, scorn, delay, —these may be parts of the discipline in a school wherein God educates his choicest ministers of song and service; and we count these joy if ultimately we may survive and succeed. We hope to triumph before our day closes. But surely, to die by fell decree and by violence, when the blood is warm, and hearts beat high with hope, and life seems radiant with promise, and "the world is all before us where to choose," may well be reckoned among the balefullest calamities that poets may befal.

In the year 1794 the Terror had reached its height in Paris; the fever madness and bloody thirst had even begun to wane, and would suddenly wear away. The prisons of the city were constantly filling and emptying; every day the tumbrils rolled through the streets, bearing to their pitiless doom newly-devoted groups of pale-faced victims. Many a fair and noble head had fallen, and many a precious life had been squandered,— from the beautiful Princess Lamballe and the majestic Roland to the gifted and passion-hearted Andre Chenier. Suspicion stalked abroad, or lurked in mysterious guise; cruelty sat enthroned, making mockery of justice; one tyrannic faction said of another,—

> "There are who wish our ruin—but we'll make them
> Blush for the crime in blood. . .
> . . . . .
> We'll denounce a hundred, nor
> Shall they behold to-morrow's sun roll westward." *

He who now visits the most splendid, if not the proudest, capital of Europe, where elegance and pleasure have their selectest seat, will find it difficult by any process of the imagination to realize the scenes and transactions of a vanished century. How can he, who wanders by structures so new and fair they seem like the peculiar abodes of the Amenities,—palaces unique in their splendour, cathedrals and pantheons the most majestic,—bourses, markets, theatres,—houses of reverence, of beauty, of delight,—believe they ever witnessed crimes, the horror of which beggars the darkest that were ever known, even amid the deepest gloom and grime of London? How can he, roving by softly-lighted boulevards, brightened with smiling faces of gay-moving crowds, or orderly processions of a sane and peaceful people, as humane, as gentle, as refined and intelligent as any on the earth; or round those spacious parks, unrivalled in variety of artful beauty save by the fabled magical gardens of Armida;—how can he, I say, lingering amid such scenes, reconstruct that Hell-struck city of the Revolution, when it would appear as if the dark corners and underground cellars had vomited

* "Worshippe, ye that lovers been, this May,
For of your bliss the kalends are begun,
And sing with us, Away, winter, away!
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun,
Awake, for shame! that have your heavens won,
And amourously lift up your heades, all;
Hark, Love, that list you to his mercy call."
—*James I. of Scotland.*

† Sir Walter Raleigh.

* Coleridge: "The Fall of Robespierre."

devils, with all the shrieking, vindictive fury of the pit; until caves and dens that ravenous beasts inhabit, and thickets terrible with serpent and satyr, would seem places of genial asylum from the tenements of brick and stone, the haunts of dreadful men? How can he fill the close and dingy streets of old Paris with its foaming multitude of fierce eyes and maleficent faces,—the mænads breathing scorn and fury—the red-capped *sans culottes*—the raving Jules and Jacques that pressed and followed unhappy kings and queens and nobles to their doom!

Or will he find it easy to see that turbid current of hate and violence break at the foot of that horrid, Moloch-altar in the Place de la Revolution—the guillotine; until, falling heads, multitudinous as mellow apples in August, became a hideous commonplace; and knitting crones, seated at the gallows-stair, only drop a stitch as with a certain nervous start, to keep tally as another gory poll drops into the basket.

Then to wear a crown or a coronet was a capital offence; then to be distinguished for services to the state, or the world, to art, or science, or literature, was to become the object of an insane, fearful suspicion —a shining mark for the archer, Death. Then fell many an illustrious and many a beauteous head. The worthiest to live were the most imperatively summoned to die; and youth and gentleness, and goodness and loveliness, had no reprieve. Such a state of society has hardly elsewhere been known in a civilized country. It is well described as "The Reign of Terror." The malign and the animal passions of mankind were fearfully aroused, and the public spirit was heated to the most dreadful insanity. Meanwhile the timid shrank within their homes or sought escape beyond the city, dwelling with foreboding in solitary places; while bolder, prouder spirits, rendered desperate by wrongs and the long witnessing of bloodshed, courted their fate and rushed upon it.

The sons of genius exercise us with fascination, when they shine upon us like stars out of an unclouded sky: we are calmed and subdued at their voices, as by the spell of the sea. But when, involved in a midnight of storm and sorrow, we see their faces between rifts of the driving cloud, they agitate as well as charm us, while leading far apart from the ordinary ways of men. We can hardly criticise them or their works, as we might do if we saw them plodding in the commonplace paths of life, holding their manuscripts as merchandise in the market-places of the world. Young Korner dies, with the halo of battle on his brow, and his Hymn has a sacrificial sacredness, and the solemnity of the tomb, with all its pomp of battle. Dante and Milton sit remote, secure from common blame, solemnized by their ineffable sorrows. The boy Chatterton seems just out of touch, by the mystery of genius conjoined with fate; and the ethereal spirit of Shelley eludes us.* But, among the faces that look out upon us from their cloud-chambers, and through their golden mist of romance, none are more bewitching to our sober reason than the young man behind the bars of St. Lazare, whose lyre could not charm away the spectres that came gibbering around him at the last, though it ceased not its music till he had reached the foot of the scaffold. It matters not now that he was but the child of promise, that the crown of hope and youth was blighted upon his brow; since such a master of praise as Sainte-Beuve garlands his brow with laurel,

* "Ah! did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop to speak to you;
And did you speak to him again?"
—*Browning:* "*Memorabilia.*"

and Hugo drops a tear of melodious pity over the fate of Andre Chenier.

A poet he should have been, by the conjunction of all appropriate planets. With a Cypriote Greek, of noble birth and enthusiastic spirit, for a mother (Mademoiselle Santi-l'Homaka), who nourished him from his cradle in the love of letters; sired by a cultivated Languedocian gentleman, in the diplomatic service of France at Constantinople; born under Oriental skies, and amid scenes long loved and praised by poets; nursed on classicism, till his was the instinct of perfection in literary form, and drinking in the Greek Anthology with his mother's milk,—it is no marvel that his should have been the gift and passion of song, and that it should have become his ambition to enlarge the domain of lyric and idyllic poetry.

The circumstances of his youth favoured the development of his æsthetic talent. His residence at the College of Navarre; his visits, at holiday seasons, to the splendid country houses of his friends, by whom his tastes were encouraged; his visit to Italy in the company of the brothers Trudaine; his pleasure, when in England—which, in its unseasonable fogginess, he esteemed no Paradise—with the works of Milton, to whose majestic harmonies and suggestions of multifold learning he was so susceptible; his arrival at the period of emergence into manhood, in what then seemed to many the dawn of universal liberty upon the earth, when it was "bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven!"—when

> "The inert
> Were roused, and lively natures rapt away!"*

all contributed to the same result in his spiritual formation, and made him for a time one of the most hopeful and joyous of mankind. No wonder if he projected schemes of greatness, and like Coleridge and De Quincey planned works of larger volume than he would have time or power to execute.

Quickly fell upon his life the shadow which was never to be lifted. As Milton hastened from Italy at the outbreaking of civil strife in England,—deeming his country's van the patriot's place; so from the land of Milton, and from musings on his harmonious verse, at the first tocsin of the Revolution, came Andre Chenier. He expected much, and fancied the way to patriotic, as well as poetic, distinction was now open to him. His ardent faith was soon chilled, however; he revolted from the horror and excess, and was not backward to utter his meaning, but became as obnoxious to tyranny in its basest, most vulgar guise as bold and generous spirits must ever be. The voice he listened to sounded no longer as from Platæa, or down the rocky glen of Thermopylæ,—the sound of a sane and a mighty people determined in the defence of their soil and their liberty; nor even as it did from the lips of Pym or the cannon of Cromwell; but it came yelling up from the pit—the vomit of pandemonium—the mænad-hymn of those who hastened blindly to destroy.

He looked into the eyes of the boasted Goddess of Liberty, and saw a brazen strumpet in her wrath. The King was arraigned; Andre assisted in the defence. Henceforth his doom was sealed.* He was apprehended at the house of M. Pastoret, his friend, at Passy—whither he had resorted, it is alleged, to warn them of their danger—and incarcerated in the Luxembourg prison.

* Wordsworth: French Revolution.

* "Demoiselle Théroigne . . . comes leaning on the arm of Poet Chénier to demand liberty for the hapless Swiss of Château-Vieux."
—*Carlyle: French Revolution.*

From that he was removed, on account of its crowded condition, on March 8th, 1794, to the prison of St. Lazare. Frantic with dread, the father, whose hope and ambition centred in his children, exerted himself to obtain the release of his unhappy son. In vain: he was put aside with hypocritical evasions. Soon a brother of Andre had joined the company huddled in the Conciergerie prison, and it was found there was no possibility of obtaining release. No victims of Nero or of the Inquisition were surer of their fate.

"When we think of Andre Chenier," writes Katharine Hillard, "we see a youthful figure among a crowd of fellow-prisoners, the light of genius in his eyes, the dark shadow of impending death already enveloping him and climbing slowly upward, as the mist of the Highland second-sight rises higher as death draws near. The pathetic character of his fate touches the heart, and disposes us to judge the poems he wrote with that bias of personal interest which is so apt to warp the verdict of the critical mind." Yes, so will the idea of him ever rise upon us, surrounded by the beautiful and the miserable,—with not a few of his friends,—to whose foreboding minds he strove to minister. There were the Trudaines; "the charming young Duchess of Fleury"; Madame Pourrat, of Luciennes, and her daughters, the Countess Hocquart, and Madame Laurent Lecoulteux, to whom, under the name of Fanny, he addressed some charming verses. There must we see him still, with his "strongly marked features," as Lacretelle described him nearly half a century later; "his athletic though not lofty stature, his dark complexion, his glowing eyes, enforcing and illuminating his words,—Demosthenes, as well as Pindar, the object of his study."

We see him still, and hear him talking in his animated way, while "the most decided and the most eloquently expressed opinions" come freely from his lips. We see him writing verses on stray bits of paper, to be smuggled out of prison to the publisher, with soiled linen that went to the laundry,—graceful stanzas of gallantry and compliment, or words of burning passion in protest against tyranny and the sanguinary excesses of the time; or splendid odes, like that on his artist-friend David's picture of the deputies taking their famous oath at Versailles, in the Hall of "Le Jeu de Paume."

The following pathetic piece, entitled "The Young Captive," was written in St. Lazare, inspired by the tender regrets of the young and beautiful Duchess of Fleury:

"The corn in peace fills out its golden ear;
Through the long summer days, the flowers without a fear
Drink in the strength of noon:
And I, a flower like them, as young, as fair, as pure,
Though at the present hour some trouble I endure,
I would not die so soon!

"No, let the stoic heart call upon Death as kind!
For me, I weep and hope; before the bitter wind
I bend like some lithe palm.
If there be long, sad days, others are bright and fleet;
Alas! what honeyed draught holds nothing but the sweet?
What sea is ever calm?

"And still, within my breast, nestles illusion bright;
In vain these prison walls shut out the noon-day light;
Fair Hope has lent me wings.
So from the fowler's net, again set free to fly,
More swift, more joyous, through the summer sky,
Philomel soars and sings.

"Is it my lot to die? In peace I lay me down,
In peace awake again, a peace nor care doth drown,
Nor fell remorse destroy.
My welcome shines from every morning face,

And to these downcast souls my presence in this place
Almost restores their joy.

"The voyage of life is but begun for me,
And, of the landmarks I must pass, I see
So few behind me stand.
At life's long banquet, now before me set,
My lips have hardly touched the cup as yet
Still brimming in my hand.

"I only know the spring; I would see autumn brown;
Like the bright sun, that all the seasons crown,
I would round out my year.
A tender flower, the sunny garden's boast,
I have but seen the fires of morning's host;
Would eve might find me here!

"O Death, canst thou not wait? Depart from me, and go,
To comfort those sad hearts whom pale despair, and woe,
And shame perchance, have wrung.
For me the woods still offer verdant ways,
The Loves their kisses, and the Muses praise:
I would not die so young!"

Thus, captive too, and sad, my lyre none the less
Woke at the plaint of one who breathed its own distress,
Youth in a prison cell;
And throwing off the yoke that weighed upon me too,
I strove in all the sweet and tender words I knew
Her gentle grief to tell.

Melodious witness of my captive days,
These rhymes shall make some lover of my lays
Seek the maid I have sung.
Grace sits upon her brow, and all shall share,
Who see her charms, her grief and her despair.
They too "must die so young!"

On the morning of July 25th, 1794, he was brought to the revolutionary tribunal, and, with twenty-five other victims, underwent the mockery of a trial. Profitless, as any attempt would then have been to arrest judgment, would it now be to recapitulate the lying charges that were trumped up against him. The wolf will have the lamb; if with pretence of reason, that is his humour. The sentence was hastily pronounced and speedily executed. The call came on the evening of the same day; the place was the Barriere de Vincennes. He was not, martyr-like, in love with his fate; but he went as became a brave and collected spirit.

As he descended the steps of the prison, with his brother-poet, M. Roucher, he said, turning to him: *Je n'ai rien fait pour la posterite. Pourtant* (striking his forehead) *j'avais quelque chose la.*" The tumbril that slowly moved to the fatal place bore him in illustrious companionship; there were, beside, Roucher, Trenck, and the Counts de Montalembert and de Crequi. According to one account, the two poets beguiled their journey into the valley of the shadow of death with recitations from the "Andromache;" but another declares that, while Roucher declaimed, and was "noisily valiant," the sweeter and tenderer poet remained "mute and thoughtful."

It matters not now what was their solace; soon enough were their hearts still and their voices silent. The axe which had shorn the heads of a king and queen might not spare that of a poet. So perished Andre-Marie de Chenier in his thirty-second year. But why could not Fate have delayed his coming just a little? Respite was almost at hand. In three days the head of monstrous Robespierre fell from the same scaffold, and the Reign of Terror was at an end.

The latest offspring of his genius, which bears the melancholy impress of the poem already cited, is "Andre Chenier's Death-Song."* "The first eight stanzas were written in prison, after his condemnation; the two last he wrote at the foot of the scaffold while waiting to be dragged to execution. He had just finished the line,

* The translation and the note quoted are by John Read, of Montreal.

"Le sommeil du tombeau pressera ma paupiere,' when his turn came, and his words had their fulfilment. In the translation, the spirit, not the letter, has been regarded."

"When one lone lamb is bleating in the shambles,
And gleams the ruthless knife,
His yester playmates pause not in their gambols,
Their wild free joy of life,

"To think of him; the little ones that played
With him in sunny hours,
In bright green fields, and his fair form arrayed
With ribbons gay and flowers,

"Mark not his absence from the fleecy throng;
Unwept he sheds his blood;
And this sad destiny is mine. Ere long
From this grim solitude,

"I pass to death. But let me bear my fate,
And calmly be forgot;
A thousand others in the self-same state
Await the self-same lot.

"And what were friends to me? Oh! one kind voice
Heard through those prison-bars,
Did it not make my drooping heart rejoice,
Though from my murderers

"'Twas bought, perhaps? Alas! how soon life ends!
And yet, why should my death
Make any one unhappy? Live, my friends,
Nor think my fleeting breath

"Calls you to come. Mayhap, in days gone by,
I, too, from sight of sorrow
Turned, careless, with self-wrapt, unpitying eye,
Nor dreaming of the morrow.

"And now misfortune presses on my heart,
Erewhile so strong and free,
'Twere craven to ask you to bear its smart—
Farewell, nor think of me!

. . . . .

"As a faint ray or zephyr's latest breath
Revives the dying day,
Beneath the scaffold, that stern throne of death,
I sing my parting lay.

"Before an hour, with wakeful foot and loud,
Has marked its journey's close
On yon bright disc, the sleep of death shall shroud
Mine eyes from worldly woes."

Since that dismal time he has existed as a force in literature, stimulating poets who have accomplished results to which he only pointed the way. For many years after his death his works remained unedited, till Henri de Latouche took up the task with loving assiduity. Since the day when he ceased from singing, stronger souls have arisen to move the heart of the world with a power surpassing his. The colossal force of Byron has amplified, with greater intensity, his burning passion for liberty; and De Musset has carried forward to greater variety, if not to higher perfection, his sensuous grace and love of classic beauty. The luxurious honeyed phrase of Keats, his noble ambitions, and his brief, pathetic life,—if not his melancholy death,—find fitting parallel in the history and the product of Andre Chenier.

We conclude with a happier, or at least a more cheerful effusion, written in his muse's brighter day:

ODE.

May fewer roses call her own,
And fewer vines wreathe Autumn's throne,
Fewer the wheat-ears of the field,—
Than all the songs that Fanny's smiles
And Fanny's eyes and witching wiles
Inspire my lips and lyre to yield.

The secret longings of my heart
In words of fire to being start,
Moved by the magic of her name:
As when from ocean's depths the shell
Yields up the pearl it wrought so well,
Worthy the Sultan's diadem.

And thus from out the mulberry leaves
The Cathay silkworm twines and weaves
Her sparkling web of palest gold.
Come, dear, my Muse has silk more pure
And bright than hers, that shall endure,
And all your loveliness enfold.

And pearls of poetry divine
With rosy fingers she shall twine,
To make a necklace rich and rare;
Come, Fanny, and that snowy neck
Let me with radiant jewels deck,
Although no pearl is half so fair.

Pemaquid, Maine.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—HEROISM AND ROMANCE OF THE MOVEMENT.

TWO of the most noted leaders of the Underground Railway movement were those sturdy Quakers, Thomas Garrett, of Delaware, and Levi Coffin, of Ohio. In his sixtieth year Garrett, when mulcted in a fine of $8,000 for the crime of helping his brother man, replied: "Judge, thou hast not left me a dollar, but I wish to say to thee, and to all in this court-room, that if any one knows of a fugitive who wants shelter and a friend, send him to Thomas Garrett, and he will befriend him." Long afterwards he said: "The war came a little too soon for my business. I wanted to help off three thousand slaves. I had only got up to twenty-seven hundred."

Levi Coffin, the Quaker Greatheart of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was born in a slave State, North Carolina, in 1798. The scenes he witnessed as a boy entered his soul. In 1847 he settled in Cincinnati for the purpose of dealing only in the product of free labour. It is said that "for thirty-three years he received into his house more than one hundred slaves every year." Under Levi Coffin's Quaker drab and broad-brimmed hat there lurked a vein of quaint humour combined with a shrewd business method. Summoned before the grand jury, he was asked if he knew of any violation of the fugitive slave law in his own neighbourhood. He replied that persons often stopped at his house who *said* they were slaves, but he knew nothing about it from their statements, for the law did not consider them capable of giving evidence. He collected money for a poor family in need, and three swaggering Kentucky slave-holders subscribed their dollar each, and were greatly disgusted to find they had helped fugitive slaves along the Underground Railway. He so worked upon the sympathies of a strongly pro-slavery man by showing him a scarred and wounded fugitive that he could not help contributing to his relief. Coffin promptly rejoined: "Thou hast laid thyself liable not only to a heavy fine, but to imprisonment, under the Fugitive Slave Law. Thou gave a fugitive slave a dollar to help him to Canada; I saw thee do it!"

Sometimes he induced free negroes to act the part of supposed runaways. They would be hurriedly driven off with ostentatious precautions, to cover the fact that the real fugitives had quietly escaped. Coffin's good wife so far compromised with her conscience as to lay aside her Quaker garb and dress up as a fashionable lady, with a fugitive slave carrying a rag baby behind her. Coffin knew every quirk of the law, and was remarkably shrewd in taking advantage of any flaw in it.

At the close of the war, Coffin declared: "The stock of the Underground Railway has gone down in the market, the business is spoiled, the road is of no further use." The work of the Underground Railroad was done.*

* Since these pages were written we have read the admirable monograph by the Rev. T. Watson Smith, D.D., on "The Slave in Canada" published in the transactions of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, from which we quote these words:

"Then the pathways to the various Southern termini of the 'underground rail-

It was through Coffin that this mysterious railway received its designation. "Certain baffled slave-hunters," says "Ascot Hope," "are said to have declared that there must be an underground railroad to Canada, with Levi Coffin for president, as they never could get the slightest trace of a fugitive after reaching his house, so shrewdly and slyly did the Quaker manage their flight." Analogous to this was the "grape-vine telegraph," by which intelligence was secretly conveyed with strange rapidity along the Underground Railway lines.

A friend, and in a way a colleague, of Coffin's was John Fairfield, a man of heroic spirit and reckless audacity. He was the son of a Virginia planter, and became a fierce antagonist of the slave system amid which he was brought up. He was arrested again and again, but always managed to break gaol. He used to hector and bully the very men whom he was helping to escape in a way that convinced their owners that he had little sympathy with abolitionists. Bringing off a number of mulattoes and quadroons, he provided himself at Philadelphia with $80.00 worth of wigs and powder for their disguise. In 1853 he brought off twenty-eight slaves at one time. At Detroit, writes Mr. Fitch Reed, "two hundred and fifty abolitionists took breakfast with them just before daylight. We procured boats enough for Fairfield and his crew. As they pushed off from shore, they all commenced singing the song: 'I am on my way to Canada, where coloured men are free,' and continued firing off their arms till out of hearing.

On witnessing the ecstasies of the negroes on reaching the land of liberty, some of them to meet long-lost kinsfolk or friends, Fairfield exclaimed: "This pays me for all dangers I have faced in bringing this company, just to see these friends meet."

One of the boldest exploits of that "belated Covenanter," John Brown, was his escorting, in 1858, a band of twelve slaves from Missouri by a devious route of well-nigh one thousand miles to Windsor, in Canada, in mid-winter, in spite of a reward of $3,000 for his arrest. This raid excited great alarm in Missouri. Many slaves, as a consequence, were sold south, and others escaped. John Brown's policy, he himself avowed, was to destroy the money value of slave property by rendering it insecure.

Captain Jonathan Walker, for the crime of attempting to convey seven slaves from Pensacola to the Bahamas, was branded on the hand with the letters "S. S.", slave stealer, amerced in a heavy fine, and languished for nearly four years in a southern prison. Whittier's stirring poem immortalizes his heroism:

"Why, that brand is highest honour!—than
its traces never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments was a
prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations, as they tread
our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story of their
father's branded hand!

---

road' soon became grass-grown; and the watchers at the Canadian boundary-line were at liberty to close their previously wakeful eyes; the road was no longer needed, its business was spoiled. Canada soon ceased to be in plantation life and song another name for heaven; the North Star, so long the nightly guide thither, soon came to seem but like a tradition.

"But—and let it ever be regarded as a gem in Canada's circlet of renown—previous to that period when a few strokes of the pen struck off the fetters from four millions of bondmen in the South, as the pen in the hand of William IV., King of Great Britain and Ireland, had done in the case of West Indian bondmen more than thirty years before, not fewer than thirty thousand slaves had crossed the Canadian boundary-line; had, to use the words of one of their number, 'shook the lion's paw'; and under the British flag in Canada had found freedom, shelter, education for 'the life that now is and for that which is to come,' and thus at least partial preparation for the duties of Christian citizenship."

"Then lift that manly right hand, bold ploughman of the wave!
Its branded palm shall prophesy, 'Salvation to the slave!'
Hold up its fire-wrought language, that whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him, his sinews change to steel."

A bold attempt was made by Captain Drayton, of the schooner "Pearl," to convey seventy-six slaves at one time from the city of Washington.* By an irony of fate their dash for liberty was made during a great torchlight procession in honour of the establishment of the Republic in France. They were pursued and brought back. Three persons were prosecuted, the amount of their bail being fixed at $228,000. Drayton himself was fined $10,000 and sent to prison in default, but through the efforts of Senator Sumner, after four years' imprisonment, was pardoned. The affair caused intense excitement in Congress.

Undeterred by such disasters, Richard Dillingham, a Quaker, for aiding a slave to escape, was condemned to three years' imprisonment in the Nashville penitentiary; but, separated from his aged parents and his betrothed bride, he died in two months in the prison.

A year after Dillingham's death, William M. Chaplin, for attempting the release of two negroes, the property of Robert Timms and Alexander H. Stevens, was arrested, but released on bail bonds of $20,000. After five months' imprisonment, by consent of his bondsmen, he sacrificed his bail rather than meet the trial, which would have resulted in fifteen years' imprisonment.

Peter Still escaped from Alabama after forty years of slavery. It was too perilous a task for him to return for his family through sixteen hundred miles of danger and difficulty. Seth Concklin, a white man, volunteered to do it. "He travelled from first to last some thousands of miles, and spent two or three months among men who might have hung him up to the nearest tree had they guessed his true business." Seth Concklin convoyed his party as far as Vincennes. He was arrested and escaped, but was "found drowned with his hands and feet in fetters and his skull fractured"—perhaps by accident, perhaps by a darker fate.

Two brothers, market-gardeners, living near Baltimore, concealed in a large box a slave woman and her daughter, and conveyed it in their market-waggon across Maryland and Pennsylvania, three weeks' journey, to the land of liberty. Two students of Marion College were sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment for assisting two negroes to escape, and a pro-slavery party burned the college to the ground.

Among the most heroic agents of the Underground Railway were the negroes themselves. Many of these, having tasted the sweets of liberty in Canada, voluntarily incurred the risks of recapture, with the fearful penalties consequent thereupon, in their endeavour to bring off their kinsfolk, and often those whose only kinship was that of race and misfortune. Professor Redpath considers as many as five hundred a year as incurring this risk. No danger was too great for these knights of Christian chivalry to incur. With a reward for their capture, dead or alive, they braved imminent peril again and again.

One of the most notable of these sable heroes was Josiah Henson, the original of Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom." Born and bred a slave, he at length escaped to Canada. Eager to lead others into liberty, he travelled four hundred miles into Kentucky, and brought off safely a party of thirty fugitives. Time after time he repeated his adventurous

* Outgoing vessels were not infrequently smoked, as is done to get rid of rats, to make sure that no stowaways were on board.

journey, and rescued in all one hundred and eighteen slaves from bondage. Of one of these journeys he writes:

"Words cannot describe the feelings experienced by my companions as they neared the shore; their bosoms were swelling with inexpressible joy as they mounted the seats of the boat, ready eagerly to spring forward that they might touch the soil of the freeman, and when they reached the shore they danced and wept for joy, and kissed the earth on which they first stepped, no longer the *Slave*, but the *Free*.

John Mason, another fugitive slave from Kentucky, aided the escape, in nineteen months, of two hundred and sixty-five fugitives, and assisted in all not less than thirteen hundred to escape to Canada. He was finally captured by the aid of bloodhounds. He resisted till both arms were broken. He was sold south to New Orleans, but escaped to the city of Hamilton, in Canada. "Let a man walk abroad on Freedom's sunny plains," he writes, "and having once drunk of its celestial 'stream whereof maketh glad the city of our God,' afterward reduce this man to slavery, it is next to an impossibility to retain him in slavery."

A brave woman named Armstrong, disguised as a man, returned to the Kentucky plantation where she had been a slave, hid near a spring where her children came for water, and brought off five of them to Canada.

Surpassed by none in high courage and consecrated zeal in these efforts to emancipate the slave was the humble heroine, Harriet Tubman. Of this simple black woman Governor William H. Seward, of New York, wrote: "I have known Harriet long, and a nobler, higher spirit, or a truer, seldom dwells in human form." John Brown described her as "one of the bravest persons on this continent—General Tubman, as we call her." "She saw in the oppression of her race," says Siebert, "the sufferings of the enslaved Israelites, and was not slow to demand that the Pharaoh of the South should let her people go." She, therefore, received the name of Moses—from the great Hebrew liberator, who led to freedom a nation of slaves.

Herself born a slave, she first tasted the sweets of liberty in 1849. She subsequently made nineteen excursions south and brought off three hundred fugitives from bondage. All her own earnings were devoted to this mission, together with generous sums given her. Her method was, having secured her convoy of slaves, to start north on Saturday night, so as to allow a good start before they could be advertised, and to pay negroes to tear down the advertisements of their escape,* she would soothe the crying babies with paregoric and carry them in baskets. When hard pressed, she would make a detour southward to throw off pursuit. At one time an award of as much as $12,000 was offered for her arrest; yet, unafraid, she pursued her self-imposed task. She boldly waded through icy waters in mid-March, lay hidden in forest or swamp, and incurred incredible hardships.

She brought off in a rude home-made chaise her aged parents, unable themselves to walk, and several

* These advertisements of runaway slaves are evidence of the cruelties with which they were sometimes treated. They describe the scars upon their bodies; the lacerations of whips; the branding with hot iron on the back, or hand, or cheek; the wounds of rifle-shots; the scars by the teeth of bloodhounds with which they had been pursued, and of the fetters with which they were manacled; and sometimes they escaped with iron bands on neck or ankle. Sometimes one or two teeth were knocked out or a slit made in the ear as marks by which slaves could be readily identified. See Reports of Trial of John Anderson, a fugitive slave, at Toronto, 1860, for alleged crime of murder in Missouri.

brothers and sisters. She was something of a mystic, and felt conscious communion with the unseen. She had no fear of arrest, for she ventured only where God sent her. She expressed her heroic faith and confidence in the words: "Jes so long as God wanted to use me He would take keer of me, an' when He didn't want me no longer, I was ready to go. I always tole Him, I'm gwine to hole stiddy on to You, an' You've got to see me trou." Of her Thomas Garrett said: "I never met with any person, of any colour, who had more confidence in the voice of God, as spoken to her soul."

During the Civil War she was employed as a hospital nurse and scout. "She made many a raid," says Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, "inside the enemy's lines, displaying remarkable courage, zeal, and fidelity." Old, infirm, and poor, she still lives in a humble home in Auburn, N.Y., which she transformed into a hospital, where she cared for the helpless of her own race.

It should be to every Canadian ground for patriotic pride that during all the years of struggle for the abolition of slavery, the only refuge on this continent for the fugitives from bondage was beneath our red-cross flag of freedom. The land of promise in the north exercised such a fascination for the slave that their owners endeavoured to discount its attraction by absurd stories concerning its vast distance, the wintry rigours of its climate, the sterility of its soil, its perils from savage beasts and more savage men. One fugitive declares he was assured that the Detroit River was over three thousand miles wide, and a ship starting out in the night would find herself in the morning "right whar she started from." Another was told the grotesque story "that in Canada the British would put out their eyes and send them to lifelong labour in mines underground."

But the slaves were too shrewd to be deceived by these calumnies. Professor Siebert writes:

"The rumour gradually spread among the slaves of the Southern States, that there was, far away under the North Star, a land where the flag of the Union did not float; where the law declared all men free and equal; where the people respected the law, and the government, if need be, enforced it. The rumour widened; the fugitives so increased, that a secret pathway, afterward called the Underground Railroad, was soon formed, which ran by the huts of the blacks in the slave States, and the houses of the good Samaritans in the free States. Before the year 1817 it is said that a single group of abolitionists in southern Ohio had forwarded to Canada by this secret path more than a thousand fugitive slaves."

Henry Clay, Secretary of State in 1828, described the escape of slaves as a growing evil, which menaced the peaceful relations between the United States and Canada, and urged an extradition treaty for their return. But the British Government staunchly and steadily refused to depart from the principle that every man is free who reaches British soil.

The Underground Railway came in time to cover with a network of routes, not found in the railway maps, the territory embraced by the middle and northern States from the Mississippi to the Atlantic. The greater number, however, were in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and other States contiguous to the frontier of Central Canada. Windsor, Sandwich, Amherstburg, Owen Sound, Collingwood, Sarnia, and the Niagara frontier were the principal points of entry for this contraband commerce.

"The untrodden wilds of Canada, as well as her populous places, seemed hospitable to a people for whom the hardships of the new life were fully compensated by the consciousness of their

possession of the rights of freedom, rights vouchsafed them by a government that exemplified the proud boast of the poet Cowper:

> 'Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free!
> They touch our country and their shackles fall.'"

The chief agents of the Underground Railway were found, as we have said, among the quiet and peace-loving Quakers. The members of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, which were strongly anti-slavery in their sympathies, were very good seconds in this law-breaking practical Christianity.

The abolitionists and the helpers of the slaves were not sustained by public sympathy or applause. They were under ban and social disabilities, the subjects of insult and injury. "Niggerites," and "amalgamationists" were among the epithets hurled at them, and "nigger-thief" was the inappropriate designation given men who restored the negro to his ownership of himself. They were subject to suspicion, espionage, and persecution; their cattle were injured; their persons were menaced; their houses in some cases were burned. The slave hunter took the law in his own hands. One such assaulted and injured for life a free citizen, and was amerced in a fine of $10,000 for his crime. A Kentucky slave-holder assumed Quaker garb to worm out the secrets of the Friends, but he could not adopt their phraseology, and was detected as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

From the need of secrecy most of the travel was done by night, and also because many of the slaves had no other guide but the North Star.*

Professor Siebert thus dramatically described the process at a station of the Underground Railway:

"The faltering step, and the light uncertain rapping of the fugitive at the door, was quickly recognized by the family within, and the stranger was admitted with a welcome at once sincere and subdued. There was a suppressed stir in the house while the fire was building and food preparing; and after the hunger and chill of the wayfarer had been dispelled, he was provided with a bed in some out-of-the-way part of the house, or under the hay in the barn loft, according to the degree of danger. Often a household was awakened to find a company of five or more negroes at the door. The arrival of such a company was sometimes announced beforehand by special messenger."

Special passwords, signals, and cryptic signs were employed; the imitated hoot of an owl or cry of a bird was used. A vein of humour ran through some of the secret messages, as in the following:

"By to-morrow evening's mail you will receive two volumes of the 'Irrepressible Conflict,' bound in black. After perusal, please forward and oblige."

"Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by to-morrow. Send them on to test the market and price, no back charges."

Others, with more courage than prudence, boldly wrote without concealment, as the following, quoted by Siebert:

"I understand that you are a friend to the poor and are willing to obey the heavenly mandate, 'Hide the outcasts, betray not him that wandereth.'

"Yours in behalf of the millions of poor, opprest, and downtrodden in our land."

One good Quaker in Ohio had a

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* Readers of Lowell's "Biglow Papers" will remember how Birdofredum Sawin undertook to capture a slave "runnin'." But Pomp captured him and made him work all spring. This is Birdofredum's account of it:

> "He made me larn him readin', tu, (although the critter saw
> How much it hut my morril sense to act agin the law),
> So'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed if I could pint
> The North Star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,
> For I wheeled roun' about sou'west, an', lookin' up a bit,
> Picked out a middlin' shiny one an' tole him thet wuz it."

large covered waggon for conveying fugitives, which he named "The Liberator." Others used peddlers' waggons with concealed recesses. Some fugitives were shipped as freight in boxes. One man, appropriately named Box Jones, was sent in a packing case from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and was seventeen hours on the way. A ruse of Levi Coffin's was to forward twenty-eight negroes in broad day in a funeral-like procession. The routes often followed ziz-zag detours, in order to throw off pursuit and secure safe hiding.

The fugitives were concealed in barns, in hayricks, in cellars, and sub-cellars, in the heart of a wood-pile, in the abutment of a bridge, in a smoke-house, in a rail pen covered with straw, in thick, dark woods, in a coal bank, in a cave, beneath a trap-door. One good pastor hid the fugitives three days in the belfry of his church, another built a room with a secret panel.

For disguises the men sometimes carried scythes or rakes, as if seeking work. Light mulattoes sometimes were passed as white men; sometimes they were disguised by blacking the hands and face. Sometimes theatrical outfits of wig and beard and clothing were employed. A mulatto girl was dressed in silks and ribbons and furnished with a white baby borrowed for the occasion. To her chagrin her master was on the train by which she travelled, and watched the ferry for her at Detroit. When the steamer was under way the fugitive removed her veil and gave a farewell greeting to her master, whose turn it now was to be chagrined. The Quaker veiled bonnet and shawl were admirable disguises, and Brother Aminadab or Jonathan tenderly convoyed on his arm a feeble and decrepit companion, who soon proved to be a very alert negress. A young slave mother with her two children were placed under the convoy of an ardent pro-slavery man, who little thought, so fair was their complexion, that he was acting as an agent of the Underground Railway.

A black nurse, brought with her mistress to Connecticut, refused to take advantage of being in a free State. "Don't you wish to be free?" she was asked. With impressive earnestness, she replied, "Was there ever a slave that did not wish to be free? I long for liberty. I will get out of slavery if I can, the day after I have returned; but go back I must, because I promised that I would."

As may well be supposed, considerable amounts of money were needed to meet the wants and travelling expenses of these fugitives, who, after years of toil, owned not a penny, nor even themselves. Yet these needs were always met, humble donors giving lavishly to help the escaped slaves.

The "conductors" on this railway ran no small risk. Vigilance committees were organized to guard the route, aid the slaves, and prevent pursuit. Theodore Parker writes: "Money, time, weariness, devotedness for months and years, that cannot be computed, and will never be recorded, were nobly rendered by the true anti-slavery men."

They were known even to storm the court-house where a fugitive was confined and rescue the prisoner, not to lynch, but to save him. John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, organized in Springfield, Mass., a league of "Gileadites" to resist the enforcement of the fugitive slave law,—"Whosoever is fearful or afraid," was his mandate, "let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead." Brown urged bold measures, the carrying of weapons, the rescue of the prisoners, the creating a tumult in court by burning gunpowder in paper pack-

ages and similar practices. "Stand by one another while a drop of blood remains," he said, "and be hanged if you must, but tell no tales."

The fugitives were often penniless, naked, and hungry. Sometimes they came "in droves." Levi Coffin had seventeen fugitives at his table at one time. Companies of twenty-eight or thirty were not unknown. They needed food, clothing, and money to help them on their way. Although it was forbidden by law under heavy penalties to give the slightest assistance, yet the friends of the slaves did not hesitate to violate such unrighteous commands. Emergency funds were established, whose contributors were described as "stockholders" in the Underground Railway. Women conducted sewing circles to supply the fugitives with clothes. Even the humble negroes, both men and women, gave freely to help them. After the introduction of steam locomotion, railways and steamboats could often be used. The cost of tickets was considerable, yet it was always cheerfully met by sympathetic friends. Generous captains on the Mississippi, Ohio, and Illinois Rivers often conveyed fugitives as stowaways. Captain William Brown, in 1842, conveyed in seven months sixty-nine of them across Lake Erie to Canada. Scows and sailing craft were also employed.

It is remarkable that so seldom were runaways returned to slavery, and that not infrequently those seized for that purpose were rescued from the slave-hunters. Even when on trial and under the very eyes of the judge, they were sometimes smuggled out of the court-room, and the marshal and his deputies hustled and prevented from rearresting them.

Many of the friends of the fugitives suffered in their person and in their purse for their humanity. In Michigan three persons were mulcted in fines and costs $6,000. D. Kauffman, in Pennsylvania, for sheltering a family of slaves in his barn, was fined over $4,000. For a similar offence, R. Sloan, a lawyer of Sandusky, was fined $3,000. Space would fail to do justice to this noble army of heroes, some of them martyrs. Professor Siebert gives a list of 3,211. Their obscurity and unknown death have prevented the record of many more.

Five families in Ohio whom he mentions forwarded over a thousand fugitives to Canada before the year 1817. Daniel Gibbons, of Pennsylvania, in fifty-six years, aided about one thousand; Dr. Nathan N. Thomas, of Michigan, fifteen hundred; and John Fairfield not only hundreds, but thousands. General McIntyre, resident in Ohio, aided over a hundred fugitive slaves. "Of the multitudes," says ex-President Fairfield, "that came to Oberlin, not one was ever taken back to bondage." So intense was popular sympathy with the anti-slavery movement, that a sign-post was erected in the form of a fugitive running towards the town. In consequence of this defiance of the law against harbouring slaves, repeated attempts were made to repeal the charter of Oberlin College.

Though the heroes of this great crusade concealed their acts, they did not conceal their principles; indeed, they sought to make converts to their convictions. They opposed to the slave law the moral dictates of the Golden Rule of God's ancient oracles and the sacred teachings of the Declaration of Independence. "They refused," says Siebert, "to observe a law that made it a felony to give a cup of water to famishing men and women fleeing from servitude."

Like every great moral movement, their sacred passion found expression in sacred song, of which the following breathes the spirit:

"'Tis the law of God in the human soul,
'Tis the law in the Word Divine;
It shall live while the earth in its course shall roll,
It shall live in this soul of mine.
Let the law of the land forge its bonds of wrong,
I shall help when the self-freed crave;
For the law in my soul, bright, beaming, and strong,
Bids me succour the fleeing slave."

Theodore Parker, in a sermon in Boston, thus defied the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850: "To law framed of such iniquity I owe no allegiance. Humanity, Christianity, manhood revolt against it. For myself, I say it solemnly, I will shelter, I will help, and I will defend the fugitive with all my humble means and power."

The Discipline of the Methodist Church as early as 1789 prohibited the slave trade: "the buying or selling the bodies or souls of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them;" and the great division of the Methodist Church in America arose from the possession of slaves by Bishop Jehu Andrews, of its southern section.

The Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850, designed to prevent the escape of slaves, increased it. Slaves dissembled their desire for freedom for fear of being sold south. "No, I don't want to go to none o' your free country," said one. "But I surely *did*," he added, in telling the story in Canada; "a coloured man tells the truth *here*, there he is afraid to."

In the employment of the writer's father, as stableman, was an escaped slave. He used diligently to con his spelling-book during off hours, and so learned to read. "Did they use you well, Sam, in your old Kentucky home?" we said one day. "Yes, boss," he replied, "dey use me mighty well; allus had 'nuff to eat, not over hard work; but den I'se *free* here," and his black face lit up and his form straightened with the conscious dignity of manhood.

The demonstrations of delight of the fugitive slaves on their reaching the frontier of Canada were often pathetic, even when they were grotesque. Says Captain Cleveland of two negroes whom he landed on our shores:

"'Is this Canada?' they asked. 'Yes,' I said, 'there are no slaves here;' then I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. They seemed to be transformed; a new light shone in their eyes, their tongues were loosed, they laughed and cried, prayed and sang praises, fell upon the ground and kissed it, hugged and kissed each other, crying, 'Bress de Lord! Oh! I'se free before I die.'"

As Harriet Tubman was convoying a party of fugitives over the Suspension Bridge, she wished them to see the great cataract of which it commands so magnificent a view.

"'Joe, come, look at de Falls! it's your last chance." But Joe sat still and never raised his head. At length Harriet knew by the rise in the centre of the bridge and the descent on the other side that they had crossed the line. She sprang across to Joe's seat, shook him with all her might, and shouted, 'Joe, you've shook de lion's paw!' Joe did not know what she meant. 'Joe, you're free!' Then the strong man, who could stand under his master's whip without a groan, burst into an hysterical passion of weeping and singing, so that his fellow-passengers might think he had gone crazy; but did not withhold their sympathy when they knew the cause of such emotion."

Not a few slaves purchased their own liberty by working overtime, and others were purchased by white sympathizers for the purpose of emancipation when they could not be otherwise rescued.

Sometimes an attempt was made to kidnap fugitive slaves even on Canadian soil. A negro named Stanford and his wife had escaped from slavery to St. Catharines, in Canada. A professional slave-hunter, Bacon Tate by name, in 1836, kidnapped and carried off these fugitives to the city of Buffalo. He broke into Stan-

ford's house, dragged him, his wife, and a six-weeks-old baby out of bed, and forced them into a carriage, and before daylight had crossed the Niagara River. The slave-hunters were followed by some black neighbours of Stanford's. At Buffalo a coloured rescue party dragged the fugitives from the carriage in which they were being abducted, defended them for a time in a private house, hurried them to the ferry, despite the Riot Act read by the sheriff, and after a running fight of two hours the Stanfords were placed in the ferry boat. "Those left behind," says "Ascot Hope," "gave three cheers, eagerly watching the boat as it bore the poor slaves out of reach of their enemies. When it was seen to reach the Canadian side, Stanford leaped on shore, rolled himself in the sand, and even rubbed it into his hair, in the wildness of his delight at finding himself once more on free soil." Twenty-five of the rescue party were tried and fined, but no punishment was meted out to Tate for his dastardly crime.

SUMMER'S OVER-SOUL.

BY RICHARD REALF.

O earth! thou hast not any wind which blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine,
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows
And every little brown bird that doth sing.
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A loving word to every living thing—
Albeit it holds the message unawares,
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines, of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The breezes of the sunset and the hills,
Sometimes—we know not how, nor why, nor whence—
The twitter of the swallows 'neath the eaves,
The shimmer of the light amid the leaves,
Will strike up thro' the thick roofs of our sense,
And show us things which seers and sages saw.
In the grey earth's green dawn something doth stir,
Like organ hymns within us, and doth awe.

—*The Boston Congregationalist.*

THE APOSTLES OF THE SOUTH-EAST.

BY FRANK T. BULLEN.

Author of "With Christ at Sea," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A BRIGHTER DAY DAWNS.

MONG the many interesting details which Saul had acquainted Jemmy with was the determination of a portion of the "Asteroid's" crew—those who had no homes—to come over to Rotherhithe and lodge with Saul for a time. To think that the little meeting on the "Waste" would be reinforced by such a sturdy band of recruits to the good cause, won by his own child in the faith too, was for Jemmy most delightful and uplifting—so much so that he was hardly able to contain himself for joyful anticipation of Sunday, or refrain from fearing lest the weather should be, as it had been of late, utterly inclement. He got the friend who had painted the motto on the centre beam of the Hall to draw up a big flaring bill, which was stuck up outside the Hall, and notified all and sundry that a band of converted sailors would be present at the meetings on Thursday and Sunday, both of which would be held on the "Waste," weather permitting. And wherever he went he spread the news and begged his hearers to do the same.

In consequence of his efforts in this direction, the Hall on Thursday was fairly well filled—much better, indeed, than he had hoped for. But many of the audience came from local chapels, moved by curiosity to see and hear a band of converted sailors. Saul, of course, was quite in his element, and spoke with his usual fervour and force, but his friends from the ship were nervous and shy, as might naturally be expected. However, the meeting went with a grand swing, and a few of the malcontents who broke away with Jackson on the previous Sunday, repenting of their hasty decision, came back again, quietly hoping that they would not be spoken to about their temporary disloyalty.

Best of all, Paterson was there, sitting right at the back, and looking wistfully at Jemmy. The latter soon spied him, and at the first opportunity made his way towards him and entreated him to come to the front. He firmly resisted all Jemmy's importunities, saying in effect that when he had proved by his life that he really was a changed man, he would confess Christ openly before all the world if need be, but at present he felt that his place was that of one who was only just allowed inside the doors of such a place. He handed five shillings over to Jemmy as partial repayment of what had been given him to start him again, and gratefully admitted that he had been doing very well.

Two incidents also occurred at this meeting well worth recalling, not merely for their bearing upon the history of the mission, but for their intrinsic importance. One was the coming out of a young commercial clerk, brought up in the strictest forms of religion, but until then utterly case-hardened to Christian influences, and the other the falling in love of a beautiful young seamstress of unimpeachable character with Saul. It may sound almost brutally premature to state this fact in such an abrupt manner, but I do not know that any good end would be served by making a mystery of it or dragging it out by slow degrees through half a dozen pages.

Of the two incidents mentioned I have intentionally given it the second place, because I am sure as it is possible to be of such a thing, that the conversion of that clerk had a far more widely reaching importance than Saul's first (and last) love story. Therefore I must go on to say that this young man, in the full vigour of manhood (he had just come of age), came deliberately forward and confessed his faith in Christ, and announced his determination to cast in his lot with God's people. And as an earnest of his sincerity he then and there handed in a goodly portion of his savings (£5), and offered to serve in any capacity that might be required of him. I do not wish to anticipate, but I feel compelled to say that William Maylie was, and is, the most perfect example of what the grace of God can make of a man that ever I saw. He now holds a fairly high position in his business. Worldly matters have

prospered with him, but he is just the same humble Christian, eager to be doing good, and caring not one jot for authority or fame, as he was the first night of his conversion.

At the Saturday evening prayer-meeting there was a full muster. All day Friday and a good deal of Saturday, Saul and his four shipmates had been doing the historic sights of London, soaking up with all the novice's avidity the glories of South Kensington, Westminster, St. Paul, and the Zoo.

These five came down to Wren Lane Hall ready not only to pray but to praise. Their eyes had seen many wonders of nature and art, and their souls had prompted them to thank God, which is as it should be, but, alas! seldom is. When they arrived they found that their fame had preceded them (owing to the indefatigable way in which Jemmy had made known their history), and there was a record attendance for a Saturday evening prayer-meeting. There was also a swing, a go, in the proceedings that no one present could remember as having been attained before.

Now, during the singing of one of the hymns Saul, who sat with Jemmy, facing the audience, suddenly caught the eyes of a young lady in the congregation fixed upon him with so earnest, so all-embracing a gaze, if I may use the word, that he was dumbfounded. His voice faltered, and he ceased to sing. That wistful, beseeching look awoke in him something that until then had been in the chrysalis stage.

He could hardly help feeling, such was the magnetic power of Elizabeth Carter's eyes, that there might be a possibility of his being loved by some sweet girl, who would by and by consent to become his wife. So at the moment the meeting closed he whispered to Jemmy a question as to whether he knew that young lady, pointing a quivering finger at her back as she passed down the hall towards the exit. No, Jemmy did not know her, but he would try and find out. And with that scant comfort, Saul was compelled to be content, and hope that some fortunate accident would bring him and the young woman together. He was so wrapped in thought as he and his four companions strolled homeward to their comfortable lodgings through the crowded streets that the latter could not help remarking upon his preoccupied air. So he shook it off and was soon his own cheerful self again. He was very glad, though, to be alone in agen, an' I'll tell you wot it is, my meditation with his Friend, bring this new and startling upheaval in the placid flow of his Christian life to the testing touch.

Do what he would he could find no condemnation for the trend of his thoughts, and at last he sank on his knees and fervently asked God to guide him. And if, he said, it was not contrary to God's will concerning him, he would well love to be married, to look forward at his home-coming for a dear human face whose eyes would beam for him alone. Who would wait for him, pray for him, and—yes, there was an exquisite thrill in the thought —would perhaps give him a living pledge of love that should bind him closer than ever to the Lord and Giver of Life, and enable him better to understand the heart of the Father.

Sunday dawned bright and clear. At the breaking of bread the sailors' presence gave an added interest to the weekly ceremony that brought quite a new flutter of joy to the hearts of the faithful ones. What it meant to the visitors no one could say. They would have characterized it, had they been able to put their thoughts into words, as Jacob did the holy place of Luz: "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." As if unable to keep away from the place, they came again to the Sunday-school, endearing themselves so much to the children that school did not break up till an unusually late hour, and then when the scholars had gone they, the sailors, sat on with Jemmy and Brother Salmon discussing the finances and building of the hall. When they heard of the ebb-tide in its prosperity which set in with Paterson's robbery, they were touched to the heart, and at once made up the amount needed to put the mission on a solvent footing. Then they went joyously home to their tea, firmly refusing to burden Jemmy's humble abode with their presence, with a forethought for his comfort and a delicacy that would have done credit to the best-reared gentleman in the land.

The lovely day drew peacefully to its close, the evening being calm, bright, and mild, with a glorious full moon. And with thankful hearts the mission folks gather together and marched to their old station on the "Waste," to enjoy a meeting in the open air snatched out of the closed season of winter. The wonderful weather had, as it always does, drawn many people

out for a little fresh air and exercise, so that by the time the meeting was fairly under way a goodly audience had gathered. Jemmy was in splendid form, all his late despondency having vanished, and his heart beating high with hope. When he told the people of the home-coming of Saul and his children in the faith, and in his blundering yet graphic way had described the joys of their voyage with the Lord in command of their ship, there were many bystanders who wondered whether he was not inventing a good story for their benefit. But when Saul, whose face was familiar to many in the neighbourhood from his former ministrations in that place, stepped forward, the interest was intense. Every word he spoke was listened to as if it was an oracle. He said very little about himself, and that little deprecatingly.

That omission, however, was more than remedied when his brother seamen responded to the call made upon them. One by one they gave their simple testimony; but none of them failed to tell their hearers that had it not been for the brave and noble stand made by Saul among them they would never have known how good and gracious a thing it was to serve the Lord. By some magnetic power people were continually being drawn from unseen sources, until a larger crowd than had ever before been seen upon the "Waste" was gathered round the speakers. At the culminating point of the meeting there was a little bustle, a whispered consultation, and forth stepped Jemmy Paterson, evidently under strong tension of excitement, a condition which at once communicated itself to his audience. Without any preliminary he burst out with:

"Looky 'ere, people, most on yer knows me, but there ain't many on ye knows any good of me. I ben a fair 'ot 'un, I 'ave, but I never done anyfink quite so bad as I did w'en I broke into these 'ere blokes' drum dahn Wren Lane an' pinched all the oof they collected t' pay the landlord wiv. I robbed a good many people that night, I know, but these poor chaps 'ad t' put up wiv the consequences. An' wot did they do when I come agen an' broke meself all up trying' t' do annuvver grab. W'y, they looked arter me w'ile I was in the infirmary, they made it as light as they could for me 'fore the madgstrate, an' w'en I come aht they met me at the gate o' th' jug an' welcomed me 's if I'd a-ben their long-lorst bruvver. They set me up in bisness agen, an' I'll tell you wot it is, my bisness pays me nah. I fine 'at 'cause I've learnt t' speak the trufe, to give good weight, an' be perlite an' puncshal I'm gittin' more an' more work every day. These people put me on to that as a sorter reward for 'aving robbed 'em an' made 'em dreadful dahn in the mouth fur a time.

"Then w'en they see I was sorry fur wot I done (I was, too) they arsked me ter come in wiv 'em an' serve Gord same as they did. I ses no, I ses: 'I don't feel 'sif I c'd stick it, an' I ain't a-goin' ter make a mock of you ner Gord neiver, 'f I k'n 'elp it.' But on the q. t. I fort I would 'ave a try wivout syin' anyfink t' anybody, so I screws up me eyes tight an' I ses: 'Ho Gord, I don't know where y'are, I carn't see yer, an' 'et feel ye, but I can see wot them people 's like wot ses 'at you makes 'em wot they is. Nah, I'm on'y a pore ignant coster, a bit of a gun, an' in general no good. Try yer 'an' on me. I'm willing', s' 'elp me Gord, I'm willin'. I'll put up wiv anyfink, go anywheres, do anyfink, if on'y you'll make me as good as that lot wot's treated me as they 'ave.'

"Then I went on wiv me job. When I was firsty I 'ad a drink er water; w'en I was a-buyin' I didn't tell the lies I useter, er give a bloke a pint t' rob his guv'nor for my benefit; 'n' when I wos a-selling' I didn't tell everybody I was a-sellin' my goods fur less 'n wot I giv fur 'em. At least, I say I did or didn't do all these 'ere fings. I don't want t' tell no lies, an' yit I carn't rightly 'splain to yer wot I mean. I don't feel 's if I did em 't all. I feel 'sif somefink inside of me was a-doin' 'em, w'ile I only 'ad t' be quite still.

"Well, I fought I'd go on like that quite quiet like an' not a-syin' anyfink fur fear I should break aht agen, until t'-night I come dahn 'ere wiv a bit er brass t' pay back somer wot I stole, w'en I 'eard that there bloke torkin' abaht wot 'e calls bearin' witness fur Gord. An' ses I t' meself, ses I, you ain't a-doin' that. Yore 'edgin', that's wot yore a-doin'. Yore a-leavin' a back door t' slip out on case you shou'd feel like 'avin' a fling bimeby. W'y, you ain't arf a man, I ses, just like that, 'sif I was a-torkin' t' somebody else. Nah be a man, ses I, wotever you do; toe the mark an' tell the people, so's if ever you do go wrong arter this they'll be able to spot yer fer the dirty dorg y' are. Thet's w'y I'm a-stannin' up 'ere. I carn't

tork t' yer like this fine bloke" (patting Saul on the shoulder), "but I can say this, that all rahnd abaht every one 'at wants to do right, be right, live right, there's 'elpin' 'ands; aht o' sight, but real. An' I b'lieve they're the 'ands of Almighty Gord."

There was an awe-stricken silence as Paterson retired. Such a frank outpouring of a man's inmost soul-strugglings must have an immediate effect upon such a promiscuous crowd as were gathered on the "Waste" that night. So when Bill Harrop took Paterson's place there were many weary ones panting with desire to obtain a share of the blessings which the latter indicated as having become his. Bill began to speak, and as he did so one of his hearers whispered to his neighbour: "It's a fair knock-aht, ain't it? W'y, I remember w'en 'ee was a scorcher an' no mistake. You'd on'y gotter look at 'im ter give 'im a wide berf. An' nah 'e looks quite the gentlemin."

All unconscious of these remarks, Bill was fervently inviting all and sundry to come and make the acquaintance of his newly found Friend. "If yer don't believe wot I say," he cried, "I'll tell yer wot to do. You go an' arsk my wife 'n kids. They know the difference 'tween wot I was an' wot I am. An' I believe they knows, too, the trufe o' wot Bruvver Paterson's just been a-tellin' yer—that I didn't do it, ner yet these dear people 'ere; it was th' 'and of Gord wot did it, wot made me clean, 'onest, an' sober. Let him 'ave a try at yerselves, those of yer 'oo knows at yer needs it. Gord bless yer."

Again there was a great scene. Unfortunately it was impossible to avoid the awkward effects of physical excitement altogether, and no doubt there were some who professed to find eternal life who were only temporarily carried away by the prevailing impression. That, however, was not for the preachers to desire. Theirs only to do as they were bidden and afterward to look for the fruits of their labours. "Bless Gord," cried Jemmy, "we got a 'All t' arsk yer inter. Come along all on yer inter th' 'All. Le's 'ave a praise meeting. Le's give Gord fanks for all 'e's done fur us. Praise 'is 'Oly Name!"

So they went in a body, and foremost among them went Miss Carter. Seeing that Saul was somewhat overloaded with books, chairs, etc., she said, "Let me take some of those books for you," and that broke the ice. All the way to the hall they chatted about the work that was being done, and before they parted they had made arrangements to see more of each other.

It would have been hard to find anywhere upon earth so happy a lot of people as had emerged from the Wren Lane Mission Hall that night. Obscure, unknown, unclassified among religious agencies, it had yet done more to justify its existence in that one day's work among the class that the Lord of Light came down to minister unto than many a stately cathedral had done in all the centuries of its existence. Its value was to them as life is to stone.

Saul had arranged to meet Miss Carter on the next evening and take her for a walk. In his own mind he had planned a course of action the outcome of which you shall learn in due time. To say that he was happy would be ineffectual. He was always happy. But this night his happiness had a special quality. His life seemed suddenly to acquire a greater significance, a higher value than ever before. In short, upon his placid pursuit of doing good to all from love to God had been superposed the blessedness of doing good to one for love of herself. Not a totally different thing, but rather an essence of the same.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SAUL'S WOOING AND WEDDING.

Very punctually on the Monday Saul was at the appointed trysting place. He had satisfactorily disposed of his shipmates for the evening, not without some qualms at thus leaving them to themselves. Had Saul but realized it, those poor fellows were rather relieved to be their own masters for a little while. They loved Saul intensely, but all the same, the sensation of being continually in leading-strings is not a pleasant one for grown men; they love to feel that they are trusted.

When he saw Miss Carter tripping along towards where he stood expectant, he noted with an accelerated heart-beat her fair, fresh face, her dainty dress, and graceful movements, and he felt an intense delight that he was thus favoured. Shyly he offered her his arm, and felt her little hand fall upon his coat-sleeve with a sense of proprietorship utterly unjustifiable, of course, after so short an acquaintance, but still most natural under the circumstances.

Before he and Miss Carter had gone a mile he was telling her of his early, pitiful struggle for life ; of that unseen Father who, he was sure, had watched over him through all those trying days ; of his godless youth, and his hairbreadth escapes from death in many grim forms ; of his conviction and conversion, and his new-born longing to live for the Lord who had bought him, and was always training him up to do what he needed to be done in the particular sphere of influence controlled by the speaker.

Miss Carter was, in some sort, overcome by this outburst on the part of Saul. She did not understand it. She had been impressed more or less superficially and emotionally by what she had heard on the "Waste" and in the Hall, and all she needed was an abiding influence, a divine control over her thoughts, feelings, emotions —what you will—to make her a great power for good into whatever society she might be cast. At this present time she felt that such a power was needed by her, but made the perfectly natural mistake of supposing that Saul could supply it. Manlike, Saul only saw a dainty, pretty young woman hanging upon his words ; he only felt that here was an extension of his work for God into a pleasant region, his access to which had hardly been dreamed of before, and the discovery wafted him into a very sea of delight.

So he talked on and on, looking down fondly into those humid eyes that gazed up into his with so much apparent appreciation of what he was saying, although, to say truth, it was himself, not his words, that was bringing that gaze of all-embracing affection into them. By and by he said : "Now, Miss Carter—but may I call you Lizzie ?" She did not answer verbally, but her look and the slight pressure of her hand on his arm was sufficient. "Now, Lizzie, I'm going to say to you, for you've encouraged me to, what I never said to any woman before. I love you, and if you can love me well enough to share my lot with me, be my wife. You'll make me very happy, for at present I have no home, and all my energies, all my earnings, go to the Wren Lane Mission. And I can't help feeling that God would like me to have a dear little wife (like you) and a home of my own. But you know I'm a sailor, earning my living away from home, and sometimes not seeing England for over a year. It's a poor lot I'm askin' you to share, but I promise you that I'll do my best to find work ashore as soon as possible if you'll only be my wife. Will you ?"

He was overjoyed, almost dizzy with delight when she shyly murmured, "Yes, dear." They were in a quiet street at the time, with no passers-by, and with a sudden movement their lips met in the betrothal kiss, an act, to Saul's mind, at any rate, as solemn and binding as his baptism had been. They walked on for a while in silence till Saul suddenly broke in by saying : "Tell me, Lizzie, dear, have you no friends or parents whom I ought to see ? Surely you are not, like me, quite alone in the world except for my Lord's precious company."

"Not quite, but very nearly," she sighed. "I have a father and a mother, separated from each other as so many are in this cruel London, and I do not know where either of them is just now. I haven't seen mother for over six months. I live with an old cousin, a dear old soul, who's got a little private dressmaking business, and we've been fairly happy together since the awful day I came to what was home then, from a machinist's place I'd got, and found the furniture all cleared out, and father and mother gone, nobody knew where. She—my cousin Carrie—as soon as I went an' told her what had happened, invited me to come to her and share what she'd got, and as far as she could she'd be a mother to me now my own had deserted me. She has been all that. I've been fairly fortunate in getting work when she hadn't enough to keep us both goin', and I've had no illnesses, thank God, or I don't know what we should have done."

Saul's face grew very grave as he drew a mental picture of what friendless girls have always before them in a great city when they can find no work, and no one feels that it is any part of their duty to look after them; and he drew the little hand, resting so confidingly upon his strong arm, closer and more firmly to his side as he made a vow to do what in him lay to be both father and mother to its owner.

How very sudden, says some one, for such high affection to develop ! It may be, but then sailors must be sudden in these matters, the time at their disposal being so short. Moreover, there are many hearts wherein love has been long accumulating like waters behind a dam, until it only needs a touch to release them and spread them in vast volume over all obstacles.

Saul, suddenly conscience-stricken at the way in which he had walked her on and on, forgetting how different her

strength must be to his, invited her to have a meal with him in a quiet restaurant near by, for they were now at Greenwich. The food was very welcome, and the meal to Saul was almost a sacred one, the first of all his experience. His eyes, looking through love's glamour, invested her with a holy light. She was transfigured, becoming a being far uplifted from the common herd of mortals. And he, why should he be privileged to (delicious thought) kiss her. Oh, meed past all deserving, how humble it made him feel !

When that happy evening drew to a close, and the lovers parted, Saul felt as if life, always holding a sense of want before, had now completed its full circle. Upon entering their snug lodgings, his shipmates greeted him noisily, being unfeignedly glad to see him. They told him that they had visited the "Asteroid," and had been informed that she was going round to Cardiff in a month's time to load coals for Hong-Kong ; that the mate had given them to understand that it was probable no one of her old crew, except the carpenter and the sail-maker (who seemed to be as much a part of her as her stern-post), would be likely to go in her again, for Captain Vaughan had received an appointment already to a fine large steamer, the mate and second mate had both been transferred to other ships, and consequently none of the daydreams they had all indulged in about being again a united and happy ship's company were likely to be realized. For a moment, but only for a moment, Saul was saddened by this news that he was, in place of the pleasant voyage he had looked forward to, booked for another uphill fight ; but faith soon resumed her reign, and remembering his latest joys, he was cheered again.

While the five sat smoking and yarning, happily as sailors will when they are well fed and housed, and have nothing on their minds, Jemmy Maskery was announced. He was also received uproariously, and made specially welcome. He said he had only run over for a little while to speak to Saul and could not stay. If Saul would come out with him for a few minutes he'd be glad. Truth to tell, he was anxious to escape from that tobacco-laden atmosphere, for in days past he had been a passionate lover of the weed, and, having given it up because he thought it hindered him in his Christian work, he dreaded the temptation which the smell brought to bear upon him.

In the joy of his home-coming, he had forgotten that while he had been happily employed, and his wages steadily accumulating, his dear chum Jemmy had been fighting the ever-lurking wolf that sometimes puts his head right in at the door. With words to this effect Saul pressed a sovereign into Jemmy's unresisting hand, and besought Jemmy to count on him for any need that might arise, assuring him that he could never come in vain while there was a shot in the locker, which Jemmy knew to be absolutely true.

During the next week matters prospered mightily with the mission. Day after day saw fresh converts pouring in, for, on the initiative of Saul, a week's mission had been entered upon with services every night, and the fame of the Wren Lane Mission began to spread abroad among the local churches and chapels, so that their members were fain to visit the converted cow-shed and see if these things were really so. Consequently Saul found little time for courting; but such opportunities as came in his way he utilized so well that when he had been three weeks ashore he and Miss Carter had decided to marry at once at the registrar's office and have a little religious service at the Hall in the evening. They had no one to consult but themselves. Saul had engaged to go in another ship, the "Ferozepore," to Calcutta as bo'sun, and would leave in a fortnight's time, so that their decision not to delay their union any longer was an utterly blameless one.

Saul's four shipmates were unhappily not able to wait and go with him again, but they saw him married, and in the evening at Wren Lane Hall there was a meeting that no one who was present can ever forget. Jemmy was, as the patriarch bestowing his blessing on the newly wedded pair, beyond all criticism.

The evening ceremony over, Saul and his bride retired to her cousin's humble home, where such provision as was possible had been made for the couple ; very plain and poor, it is true, but not at all uncomfortable, and, indeed, when compared with what both of them had been compelled to endure in their childhood, it was not very far removed from luxury. Here we may leave them to enjoy this springtide of life, all the more precious because each knew that it was bound to be so exceedingly brief, and that it would so soon be succeeded by a long, long period of lonely waiting, of hope de-

ferred, if not worse—in fact, of all those ills that are summed up in the word "separation" when applied to those whom we love.

CHAPTER XXV.

SAUL DESCENDS INTO DARK PLACES.

I pass over the pathetic parting scene between Saul and his wife. He had left her in good hands, and with his half-pay of £2 5s. per month to supplement her own fairly good earnings, he was not without hope that she would be comfortable until his return.

Saul's marriage having deprived the mission of his half-pay, and coming as it did upon the top of their catastrophe, could only be called a severe blow. Yet such was the love they bore him that they all rejoiced in his happiness, allowing no selfish thought of their own impending troubles to creep in. And there was certainly one bright spot in the gloom ahead. It was that the latest convert, the young clerk, had taken hold of things in so splendid a fashion that already the members had begun to lean upon him in all critical situations, to depend upon his calm, clear common-sense, and above all to feel that whatever might happen to the mission, he would strain his resources to the utmost before it should come to grief.

Brother Jackson and his band had set up a Hall for themselves in a disused packing-case makers' shop only a few rods away, and were carrying on so vigorous a campaign that the funds at Wren Lane were seriously affected.

Meanwhile the novelty was attractive. Curiosity led many strange visitors to the new conventicle, to hear men and women who could do little more than read plain print, and could hardly write their own names, discussing among themselves—yes, and expounding from the platform—obscure points of exegesis such as have puzzled the most learned, not to say the wisest, men of all ages. They quoted Greek and Hebrew, questioned the translation of passages that did not happen to fit their theories of the moment, and carried themselves, these ignorant ones, as if upon them and them only had fallen the divine gift of speaking all tongues, knowing all mysteries, and (this was the most dangerous phase of all) of being exempt from such mortal frailties as sin and disease.

After a fortnight of such happiness as he had hitherto only dimly imagined to be possible on earth came the day of Saul's departure for a voyage estimated to last at least nine months. His bride was inconsolable. She could not see him off, for his vessel left at 4 a.m., so he bade her farewell at their bedside on his knees, tenderly commending her to the care of his Father, and humbly asking that he might be spared to find her happy and hearty on his return.

When he arrived on board all was perfectly quiet. A decrepit seaman, given the job as a pension, was watchman. He informed Saul that he was the only man on board, and that from what he had seen he didn't expect that she would leave at tide-time. But he admitted that he did not know the "old man," upon whom so much depends on board ship. Saul, however, knowing from experience what sort of a day awaited him on the morrow, took one preliminary survey of his new home as he smoked his good-night pipe, with the firm intention of getting all the rest practicable while he had the opportunity.

She was what the modern sailor knows as a "four-poster"—that is, a four-masted sailing ship. She had been badly neglected; Saul could see that even at night; and badly found into the bargain. One or two blocks and gipsies that he tried would hardly move, without any suggestion of leverage being obtained by them. And he sighed as he thought of the wild work there would be in Channel if they should encounter a sudden gale unless they were fortunate in having a most extraordinary crew.

"Now, then, bo'sun; —— —— the man, is he drunk too, I wonder? Here, bo'sun, turn out an' see about gettin' th' ship outer dock. Y' ought ter been on deck long ago, y' know."

An angry voice in the darkness, its owner invisible behind a bull's-eye lantern, a sense of utter bewilderment as to why he was thus assailed, a feeling of compunction that it should have been found necessary—all these sensations flashed through Saul's mind in less than two seconds. Then, apologetically murmuring, he sprang out of his bunk, and the mate, for it was he, departed, the absence of his body from the doorway permitting the entry of a whirl of snow. One thing was plain to Saul as he hurried on his clothes: the old watchman had omitted to call him, for never before had he lain down again after having been once aroused.

Climbing to the upper deck, he found the mate bawling frantically to some invisible person on the quay, whose answering yells came weirdly up through the darkness. As soon as the mate turned, Saul confronted him, saying: "Beg yer pardon, Mr. Jones, but I hope you won't think me slack. I was never called. I'll take yer orders now, sir."

"Never called, en?" sneered the mate. "Seems to me I've heard that yarn before. An' as t' orders, d'ye know yer work er don't ye? I sh'd think any —— fool 'd know 'at the first thing was t' git yer men together, an' the sooner y' see to it the better. Just move lively now, or else you and me won't be friends very long."

"Ay, ay, sir," rose automatically to Saul's lips, but his heart was hot within him. He controlled himself, though and descending swiftly to the main deck, began to look for his crew. With great difficulty he found them stowed away in all sorts of corners in the two sides of the forecastle. But his heart sank as one by one they revealed their uselessness. There were negroes, Italians, Spaniards, Greeks, Scandinavians, and three Britons. Of them all, only the three Britons were of any use, and they were fairly fresh with drink. But they were three splendid fellows, with the old bull-dog contempt for "dagoes" and "squareheads," and in spite of their potations they rose to the occasion. Not one of the others could Saul get on deck. Some were swinishly drunk, others were apparently nearly dead with cold, but all were absolutely helpless. And at last Saul, having done all that man could do, called upon his three stalwarts to follow him, and made his way on to the forecastle, where he acquainted the mate with the state of affairs.

That officer was a young man of great assurance and scant ability, possessed of a fluent command of bad language and little else. This was his first voyage as mate. He was in a strange ship, and he had a notion that a loud voice and a bullying manner were all that were necessary to get along as mate of a big British sailing-ship. So he turned threateningly to Saul, and with many an oath inquired whether he (the mate) was expected to do bo'sun's work as well. Then, his voice rising ever higher, he ordered Saul to go and turn the hands out and act like a man, not like an adjective baby in long clothes. Saul waited respectfully until he had finished, his mind busy with the retrospect of the "Asteroid." Then he calmly said:

"I did my best with them, sir, before I troubled you. Perhaps you had better just come and look at 'em. They may be all right by the time we get to Gravesen', though I doubt it. Any'ow, all there is to do between here and there I dare say these three, the carpenter and sail-maker, apprentices, and myself can manage."

"Oh, git out o' *my* way!" stormed the mate as he rushed down the fo'csle ladder and aft to where the skipper stood talking with the river pilot.

Captain Fortescue was the very antipodes of Captain Vaughan of the "Asteroid." His idea of maintaining discipline was to play one officer off against the other, the crew against the officers, enjoying as much the endless cabals that took place and the general feeling of dissatisfaction as some men enjoy a game of chess. At the present moment he was in a very happy frame of mind. He was certainly not drunk, but he had been drinking freely, and in some circles he would have been called pot-valiant. Having heard the mate's report, he said gaily:

"Excuse me, pilot, I'll have t' go an' see what I kin do to git my crew out. You know, same old thing; takes me to see a job like this through." So he strode jauntily off, followed by the mate, who told him as he went that the bo'sun was a poor thing, hadn't got a word to throw at a dog.

"That so?" answered the skipper. "Well, Mr. Jones, I guess I've trained a few bo'suns in my time. I'll have a look at him directly."

They reached the fo'csle and found, as Saul had said, that the case was hopeless. They could do nothing with the men; more like logs of wood than human beings, who seemed alike insensible to blows and abuse and who if dragged to their feet collapsed immediately they were let go.

So the attempt was relinquished, a tacit admission that Saul was right. Yet such is the perversity of human nature, that both the mate and skipper hated Saul more because he was right than they would have done had they found him to be wrong. But the ship had to go, crew or no crew. So all through the bitterness of that morning, Saul, his three men, the apprentices and the carpenter (the sail-maker was speechlessly drunk in his berth) laboured to get things shipshape and Bristol fashion, and longed for Gravesend.

In due time they arrived there and

anchored, the tug sheering off and anchoring near to wait the pilot's decision as to when the "Ferozepore" would be ready for sea. At intervals throughout the day Saul, the mate, and the second mate visited the fo'csle, always treating the three workers with respect (which they had well earned), but it was not until daybreak the next morning that the polyglot crowd were available for work. What sort of a fist they would make of the vast sails overhead no one knew; they must trust to Providence.

I may not draw the picture of that getting under weigh. Of how the mate and Saul were just policemen keeping a sharp eye upon the miserable men who were continually slipping away below. Of how those two sorely worried officers had to bear the burden of the whole ship's company and do their own work as well. The tugboat having slipped her hold, the huge "Ferozepore" went blundering down Channel, zigzag fashion, the wind being almost dead ahead.

Saul, the most blameless, the hardest-working of all her crew, was now, by the irony of fate, in almost the worst position. He saw his useless crew slinking away into hiding; saw how cruelly the want of men to do the work bore upon the tenderly nurtured apprentices paying to learn their profession and being used as a substitute for men who must be paid, and he was very sad.

Three days, three weary, month-long days this lasted, and by dint of persistent hammering the "Ferozepore" was well outside the Channel. On the fourth night, the wind having freed and freshened at the same time, all hands were detained at eight bells midnight to trim sail. It was pitchy dark and the air was filled with spindrift. All hands, with the exception of the petty officers, slouched about their work, muttering curses in their various tongues upon the hardships accompanying the life of them that go down to the sea in ships, when the thickness to windward suddenly materialized. It assumed a gigantic, an awful shape. Forth blazed two terrible eyes of red and green, and high overhead pointed threateningly a long white finger. Then came a hideous, grinding crash, a piercing wail in many tones, and the "Ferozepore" turned on her side and sank, another item in the tribute demanded by the sea from its votaries.

At the moment of impact Saul was fast asleep. Rudely awakened, he leaped on deck, and seeing no one, imagined that all had sought refuge on board the mighty hull that was boring its way steadily through the ribs of his ship. Just pausing a moment to awaken thoroughly his berthmates, the carpenter, sail-maker, and cook, Saul ran up the main rigging and leaped hazardously upon the deck of the steamship. There was no one there. He ran aft and mounted the bridge; still no one. Then, as he was about to descend, he was confronted by the captain, who, flung out of his berth by the concussion, had just scrambled on deck to find his chief officers missing and the Chinese crew hidden away no one knew where.

Naturally the captain of the "Shan-hai-kwan" was anxious about his future, but, as he said, he could not be on deck all the time. And his chief officer was a first-class man. They were both Germans and the steamer belonged to Japan. Poor Saul had nothing to say. His mind was full of the terrible happenings of the last hour, and the knowledge that in all probability every soul on board the "Ferozepore" had been drowned but himself. But his meditations were rapidly cut short. The "Shan-hai-kwan" had not only stove in her bows; she had done much other serious damage to her hull, and she was sinking fast. There was a wild upward rush of coolies from below, a hissing of escaping steam, guttural German oaths, as pidgin-English was forgotten by the officers, a few dropping shots from revolvers, one last wild scramble, and Saul found himself alone on the Atlantic clutching a hen-coop, the waves rising and falling monotonously around.

(To be continued.)

To-morrow, what delight is in to-morrow!
What laughter and what music, breathing joy,
Float from the woods and pastures, wavering down,
Dropping like echoes through the long to-day,
Where childhood waits with weary expectation.

—*T. B. Read.*

THE HUMBERT SWINDLE.

BY EUGENE P. LYLE, JR.

AS there ever such a triumph of faith? To declare yourself worth twenty-four millions of dollars and to keep on declaring it until hard-headed bankers and merchants are willing to lend you ten millions in cash and enable you to live in luxury for eighteen years, without the slightest occasion to draw on your imaginary capital. A novelist would laugh at such a plot, yet this is exactly what Therese Daurignac, wife of Frederic Humbert, has actually accomplished. "Only the rich can borrow," was the heroine's motto, but she improved on it. "If you seem to be rich, you can borrow." This she believed, and this she proved to be true.

The originator and chief executor of the scheme was Therese Humbert. She came of an obscure provincial family, with a bar sinister in her genealogy no further back than her father, and as for money, she had not a franc to spare. This last was a great misfortune, for to rise in the world Therese knew she must marry above her, and without a *dot* a French girl may not marry at all. And besides all this, Therese had a very plain face. However, she was not disconcerted and, looking round her, she picked out one Frederic Humbert, the son of a distinguished neighbour, who had once been Minister of Justice. The husband found, Therese calmly invented the *dot*. A rich Portuguese, so she said, had fallen from his horse while travelling through the neighbourhood. She and her sister had nursed him back to health, and the Portuguese, after continuing his journey home, considerately died, leaving his fortune to the demoiselles Daurignac. "Demoiselles" Therese put it, and as an apostrophe can make a family, she spelled her name d'Aurignac.

Therese had early adopted a role. She acquired a timid lisp and a naive candour in all she said, as though leaning confidently on the severe strength of her listener. The listener habitually got the idea of a helpless child, frightened before the dreadful world, and could not hold back his sympathy. Little would he suspect in the clinging, honest-eyed country lass the unimpassioned calculations of a wicked woman. Either the Humberts did not know the falseness of this story of the Portuguese or they were accomplices. At any rate, Therese married her Frederic. He turned out a good husband and refrained from handing her over to the police. In return he accepted money from his wife—money to publish his poems and money to paint, or have painted, canvases signed by himself, which were hung at the Salon.

In Paris, of all places, a man is suspicious of his neighbour. Yet the Humberts came to Paris. Having procured the first requisite, a convenient husband, Therese set about the real business in hand. She must gratify her inordinate pride. That meant money. Therefore she must borrow. But people lend only to the rich. Well, then, she must be rich.

The Humberts took a mansion in the Bois and kept open house luxuriously. Magistrates and barristers called upon the son of their old Minister of Justice and the son's bride, and they were made very welcome. After them came the aristocracy of wealth. The presence of the first inspired the confidence of the second, and the game began in earnest. Long before this the Portuguese had been discarded, forgotten; but now an American was substituted, an American named Crawford, as wealthy as Frenchmen suppose all Americans to be. Crawford, it appears, had died in a small hotel at Nice, September 6th, 1877. He passed away quite suddenly, so much so indeed that he had no time to make a will in the presence of a notary. He managed, however, to write two lines in pencil upon the wall beside his bed. Those two lines gave his entire fortune, amounting to one hundred and twenty million francs, to his benefactress, Mlle. Therese d'Aurignac.

This is how the story was utilized: One morning, Humbert, senior, the senator and ex-Minister, comes all radiant to a friend's house and announces that his children have just inherited an immense fortune. Congratulations, of course. Humbert,

senior, thereupon invites the friend to a little celebrating breakfast. At the feast only intimate friends are present, among them four big-wigs in law and politics. After coffee, Humbert, senior, draws his friend aside and signs to his daughter-in-law to follow. The ex-Minister grows confidential. There are many difficulties in the settling up of an inheritance of one hundred and twenty millions, and the expenses incident thereto are of course heavy. Neither he nor his daughter-in-law have the funds required. They need two millions, but they are naturally disinclined to deal with usurers. Their friend though had influential banking connections, and they would allow a commission of ten per cent.

That very night the friend left for Geneva and quickly negotiated a loan of two millions (francs). But the Geneva bankers have never recovered, nor the friend either, who loaned both his commission and a heavy sum from his own pocket. He is now among the more regretful creditors.

That was the beginning of it. Then the plot thickened. The heirs cannot be allowed to come into their fortune, for why then should they want to borrow? Obviously, complications are needed. Therese supplied them, and wild and rugged they were. She had invented a dead man, but now she invented two living ones, and these two she kept actively and viciously alive for eighteen years in the bright glare of the courts and the financial marts of France. People believed that they existed, too, else she could not have borrowed a cent. But she did borrow money, and indeed millions of francs. We cannot appreciate how she did it, but we have to accept the fact in spite of ourselves. Her creditors, alas! have to accept it, too.

The chapter which started the necessary complications reads briefly as follows: The Humberts, counting on the early enjoyment of their inheritance, had begun to live in an expensive fashion on money borrowed. And then one bright day their expectations had a setback. Two strangers called. They were Henry and Robert Crawford, nephews of the deceased, and they brought a second will of their uncle's of the same place and same date. But according to this will the two nephews and Marie d'Aurignac, sister of Therese, were to inherit equally the entire fortune, excepting a monthly allowance of thirty thousand francs for Therese. Thus, you see, Therese was virtually disinheriting herself of her imaginary fortune. But she took good care to make the two Crawfords extravagantly gallant. The elder hastened to assure her that they would not think of exacting the terms of the second will, as they certainly were entitled to do. They were each worth four or five hundred million francs, they did not know precisely how much, but anyhow the hundred million of Uncle Crawford could make no difference. So thus far it looks as though there were to be no complications.

"But," added one of the nephews, "our dear uncle had one supreme wish, and that was to see the families of Crawford and d'Aurignac united. Now, if one of us could marry you?"

"But I am already married."

"Then your sister?"

"Marie is not of age."

However, that did not matter. The brothers could wait for her. But they would not release their claims for any other consideration. Wherewith they and Mme. Humbert drew up an agreement. All the bonds, etc., composing the fortune of the late Crawford were to remain in the custody of Mme. Humbert, but they were to be kept most sacredly sequestered until the majority of Marie. Meantime the heirs were to wait, except Mme. Humbert, who was to be allowed her monthly pension out of the accruing interest. But she was not, under any pretext whatsoever, to dispose of any of the fortune, or use it as security for a loan, under penalty of forfeiting her claims entirely. Out of delicacy, the hand of Marie was not mentioned as the consideration, but it was plainly indicated by the phrasing, "an equitable transaction which both parties had amicably agreed upon."

Inspection reveals the wondrous beauties of Mme. Humbert's complications. At first sight they seem too stringent, hence no one would believe that she had invented them against herself. She could not, for instance, use the sequestered fortunes as security, but that was because she did not want to. She did not want that purely imaginary fortune seized for debt, and she could create the debts without using it as security. She had the millions in her possession, with the expectation also of eventual ownership, as soon as Marie should marry a Crawford. People do not always lend on inheritance in expectation, but Therese had hers already, actually in her house and in a strong chest. This was tempting, and they would lend. Possession, and yet inability to use,

these were the two conditions in her game most perfectly fulfilled. She needed to borrow to keep up her mode of life, and thinking of the strong chest with one hundred and twenty millions, people loaned readily enough. Besides the rates offered were seductive, and the very extravagance of the tale of the millionaires so insensately resolved to wed a peasant d'Aurignac, was its hall-mark of authenticity.

When Marie turned of age the creditors looked for her to marry a Crawford. But Marie did not want to marry a Crawford. Therese gave her the role of an obstinate maid, and Marie, a pliable child, had to play the part. Her celibacy endures to this day, so that she has well earned the title of the "eternelle fiancee." She of course could not wed her imaginary bridegroom. Nor could she marry any one else, for if she did then gone would be all claim on the pretended heritage. The poor "eternelle fiancee," now an old maid, may be placed first among the victims.

The delay of the nuptials made the creditors bothersome. But still our adventuress was ready. The Crawfords were gentlemen, she said, and they were incapable of hurrying a young girl's affections. Accordingly they had proposed in writing a second "transaction," by the terms of which they would recognize their uncle's mural will as valid, provided Mme. Humbert gave them each three million francs. So there now seemed to be no further obstacle to the opening of the chest, and the creditors were both apologetic and happy. Some of them increased their loans. But still the chest held tight, and their clamourings recommenced. Mme. Humbert could only tell them bad news. That is, the Crawfords would consider the "transaction" as nothing less than a contract of marriage, consequently they would not release the sequestered fortune until one of them had married Marie d'Aurignac. But Marie held out stubbornly against the match, and Therese was too kind a sister to insist, even for the sake of one hundred and twenty millions of francs. Instead she brought suit against the Crawfords to force them to keep to the literal terms of their proposition.

Now here is the most audacious stroke of the whole masterpiece. The ordinary crook shrinks from the law as from poison. But Therese went into the courts to play her game. For years and years the two fictitious Crawfords struggled against her bitterly, from the simple courts of first instance to the last and highest tribunals of France, and then back all over again. Mme. Humbert had so planned the litigation that it could be prolonged indefinitely. Each time her case was strong enough to win, but each time the Crawfords were left with pretext for an appeal. And so long as the fight went on, so long would the strong chest stay closed. A suit such as this is unique in legal history. For years Mme. Humbert, the abused one, stood the mock siege which she had organized against herself. The brightest talent of the French bar was arrayed on one side or the other. The costs meant a fortune, the arguments a library. And the creditors loaned more, for their only hope was the ultimate winning of the suit.

The two vital spots in Mme. Humbert's fabrication look so palpably weak that we wonder how any one could possibly have been deceived. There were the imaginary Crawfords and there was the imaginary heritage. And yet both passed muster as real. The adventuress made the best magistrates her accomplices without their knowing it, for did they not play their parts in the legal contest? And on the strength of the heritage she mulcted the sharpest of financiers, even the Jews of the Rue de la Paix, not only once, but constantly for some twenty years. Her manipulation of details, her consummate acting, we must understand in order to appreciate how her stupendous fraud became possible. The Crawfords, tireless litigants, who could doubt them? Maitre Du Buit, one of the first lawyers of Paris, states that the Crawfords had solicited his services by letter, and that they afterwards threatened him when he engaged with Mme. Humbert. Naturally he never once identified his clients and their opponents as the same people.

Maitre Parmentier, of Havre, the Crawfords' attorney, and ostensibly at least the implacable enemy of the Humberts, received his instructions sealed with a coat-of-arms—generous Therese, and for Americans, too! Parmentier could quite understand why they remained so intangible as to the flesh. Mme. Humbert had petitioned for disagreeable papers which might be served on them. Their addresses were indifferently New York, London, or Nice, but usually 1202 Broadway, New York. Here there was a hotel, but no Crawfords, nor any Crawfords ever heard of—curious ob-

scurity for a brace of millionaires. A strange man called for their letters at a Paris delivery. Since then the postal employees have recognized this man in the photograph of Romain d'Aurignac, Mme. Humbert's brother, now a fugitive from justice.

Once the Crawfords did really appear incarnate, for what was to be the betrothal supper of one of them to Mlle. Marie. This was when creditors hoped for a "yes" from the "eternelle fiancee." Twenty-five guests partook of the spread. The future groom glowed with happiness. The future bride at his side betrayed embarrassment. And when the ardent young man leaned near to slip a ring upon her finger, she impetuously shoved him back, burst into tears, and ran from the room. Mme. Humbert seemed greatly put out. She was forced to announce to her guests that the marriage would have to be postponed. The identity of the Crawfords in this instance has not been fixed. They were real enough then, and even tangible. And since then, in the courts, though not tangible, they have been most terrifically real.

The heritage, too, seemed entirely bona-fide. On every hand were evidences of millions. The display of wealth carries its own moral effect, and the swindlers lived as *grands seigneurs*. The gentlest of creditors, though, will sometimes wax importunate. But Therese always had a resource, and often one so effective that the creditor would forget to collect, and lend more. A big banker of the provinces once demanded payment, when almost at once he received a letter from an unknown capitalist seeking investment. The capitalist had heard that the banker wished to dispose of his Humbert paper, and offered to buy it all. The banker was to wire his answer to Maitre Parmentier, the Crawford lawyer. The banker refused, and hastened to lend Mme. Humbert another million. But growing again uneasy, he received another offer, this time signed Robert Crawford. If the Crawfords thought the paper good, then it must be gilt-edged. The banker has the paper to this day. But the most daring trick of all was Mme. Humbert's appearance with a small satchel before the judge then presiding over her suit. People had doubted the Crawford millions, so she had brought those millions for the judge to verify. The judge declined, that was not his function. Mme. Humbert insisted. The judge was obdurate. So Mme. Humbert took back unopened her little valise, containing one hundred and twenty million francs in bonds. That was a superb bluff.

During twenty years Mme. Humbert borrowed on her word alone. Since 1885 fully $15,000,000 of her paper, all unsecured, has floated in France. Her operations knew no limit. She exploited Tunis. She erected factories in Madagascar. She ran a newspaper. She founded an assurance scheme for aged priests, with the blessing of the Pope. She promised all things, luscious commissions, usurious interest, the administration of her future riches to each married financier, the hand of Marie to each unmarried one. The big lenders believed in the magistrates. The small lenders believed in the sagacity of the big ones. No wonder there were dupes.

One woman who had loaned her little fortune became violent in her demands. Mme. Humbert, daughter-in-law of an ex-Minister of Justice, caused her to be locked up as insane. A banker who expected to manage the heritage loaned everything, and was sorry that he could not loan more. But later he wrote a note of regret to his partners and shot himself. And there were other suicides.

At last we approach the climax. Mme. Humbert had won the case. The courts gave her leave to pay the stipulated three million francs to each of the Crawfords, and then to use the inheritance as legally her own. But Mme. Humbert had no desire for a final triumph. She protested that the taking of six million francs from the chest to pay the Crawfords would be a violation of the sequestration agreement, and that then the Crawfords could declare her claims on the fortune nullified. In vain the courts reassured her. Waldeck-Rousseau, later Premier of France, while pleading for one of the creditors, showed that Mme. Humbert had only to make a gesture to get the millions, and then he indicated the entire fraud, the nonexistence of the Crawfords and the millions. He was, perhaps, the first to doubt, and almost the only one concerned in the affair who was neither accomplice nor dupe.

Shortly after, under a new pretext, the invisible Crawfords started in all over again. They demanded the revocation of Mme. Humbert's rights to the inheritance. It looked like another eighteen years siege.

"I'll judge no more," burst out one long-suffering judge, "till I actually see a Crawford."

"Nor I," declared another, the first president, Forichon, "till I see the millions."

Then an ingenious legal move sprung the crisis. M. Morel, a frightened creditor, petitioned for the judiciary sequestration of the Crawford legacy in Mme. Humbert's possession. The Crawford lawyers protested violently against any such seizing of the millions by the court. But the objection was overruled. The court decreed that an inventory should be taken of the strong chest, after which it should be re-consigned to the care of Madame Humbert. For her part the adventuress could not complain. They were not taking the millions from her. And thus, at last, she had no resource left. That protest from the Crawfords was her last card.

That ninth of last May, when the court, by its decree, was to end the mystery, proved a day of one long, ecstatic "frisson" for Paris. Early in the morning, hours before the time set, people began to gather in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, in front of the elegant Humbert "hotel." Officers of the court entered the house, and lawyers and secret service agents and creditors. The housekeeper admitted them. Mme. Humbert had gone to her chateau at Vives-Eaux, said the servant, but she would return at any minute, for so she had left word. Men of law and creditors seated themselves to wait. In eighteen years they had got used to waiting. At last M. Herbaux, procureur, snapped the strain, and it was a relief, though a sentence to their hopes. He telephoned for Cochefert, chief of the secret service. All ascended to the third floor, to the little room next Mme. Humbert's. There, like an unromantic wardrobe, stood the famous strong chest. Cochefert and two workmen who could ply the art of burglars took charge. They sawed and filed around the lock. For several of those who leaned forward so anxiously the first glimpse meant either ruin and prison or the triumph of riches. When the door finally swung open they saw some old papers, an Italian penny and a metal button. Paris enjoys laughing at a dupe, and she enjoyed that night.

Mme. Humbert, of course, did not return. Parayre, all-round confidential man, described the flight. Two days previously Mme. Humbert had come in from some hurried errands. She seemed excited. She dispatched Parayre's wife to the Government pawnshop with a pearl necklace and other jewels, for which the woman brought back forty-three thousand francs in notes. The family supper passed off calmly. Then Mme. Humbert told Parayre that they meant to leave that evening for one of their farms near Paris, where they would pass the following day, Ascension Day. Then the entire family set out as for a twilight promenade, the men reflectively smoking their cigars, all of the party absolutely unencumbered. Mme. Humbert, senior, widow of the ex-Minister of Justice, saw them last. She was going to church for evening service when her son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter overtook her. Therese seemed agitated. They wanted to say good-bye, she explained, for they were going to Saint Germain to spend Ascension Day. Mme. Humbert, senior, says that her son Frederic, appeared depressed and fagged out. He embraced her tenderly.

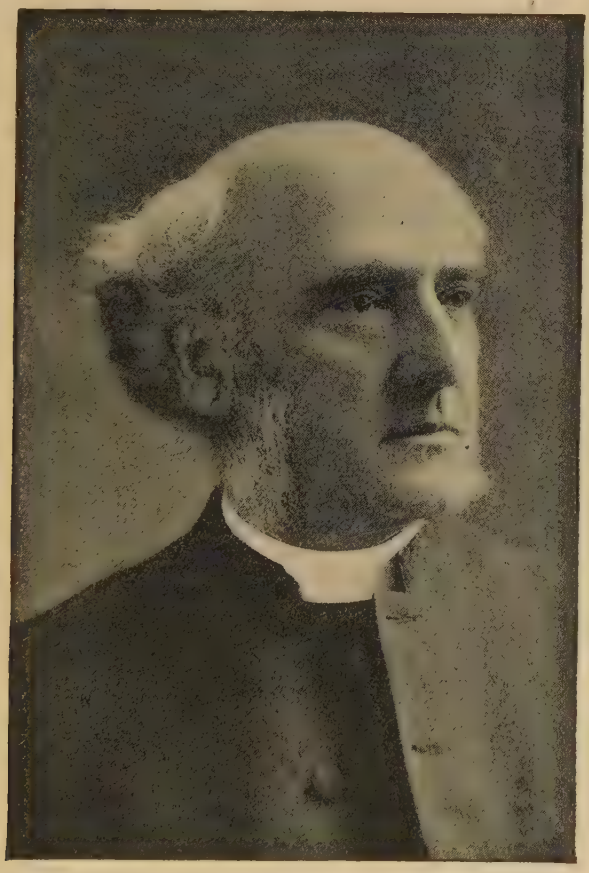
"My dear mother," he murmured, "I am so unhappy. Good-bye!"

"Pray God for me," were the farewell words of the adventuress.

With the disappearance of the Humberts there came the crash of an assurance company, capitalized at ten million francs. This was the Rente Viagere, which means income for life. It proved to be a branch fraud, managed by Romain d'Aurignac. The title suggests the scheme—a trap for the savings of the hard-working and simple. Those savings had poured in for ten years at the rate of twenty and thirty and forty thousand dollars a month. Priests had advised their flocks to so invest their economies. A clerical paper had recommended the company. Mme. Humbert had close relations at the Vatican, so it appears. Leo. XIII., it also appears, blessed the Rente Viagere. Mme. Humbert had given Peter's Pence to the tune of fifty thousand francs. So there are to-day twelve hundred poor and feeble people who had confidently looked forward to a well-earned ease in their old age, for they had trusted to the Rente Viagere. Many of them will have to trust now to public charity. We need not harass ourselves with the picture of these humble souls as they stood about the closed doors of the Rente Viagere. The mere suggestion is vivid enough. The fugitives were found in Spain and have been put on trial, but the final verdict has not yet been given.

THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.*

BY W. SCOTT KING.



THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

SEND "Mark Guy Pearse" a post-card, and tell him you will forgive him inking his thumb, and he will present you there and then in your drawing-room with a sea-scape of his beloved Cornwall so

* The many friends in Canada of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse will be delighted to learn that he and Mrs. Pearse are to spend the closing months of the year among us, arriving in September. All who heard "Guy Pearse" give his inimitable Cornish talks and stories will be eager to hear him again. We hope an opportunity will be granted in the principal places of the Dominion of enjoying this pleasure. The Rev. E. R. Young, Jr., B.A., of Port Carling, is authorized to make engagements for Mr. Pearse.

Before the death of his friend and colleague of many years, Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. Pearse had arranged for a prolonged visit to the New World, but in the emergency which then arose he cancelled his visit and continued in charge of the morning meeting at the West Central Mission where for many years he rendered such distinguished service. In view of Mr. Pearse's approaching visit we have pleasure in abridging from the British Monthly the accompanying character-sketch of the great preacher.—ED.

vivid that you can almost hear the dash of the waves at the foot of the cliff. He is always known as Mark Guy Pearse, or, better still, as Mark Guy. Is there a philosophy of abbreviated names and affectionate diminutives? There must be. They imply intimacy, familiarity, and loving, half-playful ownership.

This proud and loving proprietorship which so many Methodists exercise over him all the world over is by no means the least tribute to the popularity of Mark Guy Pearse, nor the least amusing feature of his hold upon his wide constituency. To all he is a favourite author (did he not write long ago "Dan'l Quorm" and "The Terrible Red Dwarf"?), tenderest consoler (has not "The Gentleness of Jesus" and "A Service for the Sick in Home and Hospital" stood by their bedside this many a year?), most understandable of preachers, most charming of guests. And can he not keep sleepy eyes open with thrilling ghost tales, and lash self-indulgent Christians with scorpion whips of Christian Socialism more successfully than any other Methodist preacher of their acquaintance?

It is a glorious but perilous office to hold, this of being friend-in-general to a Church which boasts that its members on both sides of the water number thirty millions of adherents; but the joyous burden sits lightly on the broad shoulders of Mark Guy, as indeed all burdens seem to do.

When Mr. Pearse was born I candidly do not know; and if I did, no one would believe me, were I to name the far-gone year. In spirit he cannot long have passed his teens; and as there are many who believe him to be still quite a young man, I will be the last to disillusion them. Of course he was born in Cornwall. "I am very thankful," he says, "that I was discreet enough to choose dear old Cornwall for my birthplace, with its warm-hearted Celtic folk. Life is richer, I think, among them in imagination, humour, and pathos than it is with the Anglo-Saxon; and it is a great gain for any man to have as the pictures of his youth scenes like those of our stately cliffs and sky."

When Mr. Pearse was a lad of eighteen or nineteen, he lived in Liskeard, and was articled to "Beloved Dr. Hingston," a physician. And had it not been for "Old Rosie," and the working in his young mind of her mystic prophecy that young Mark Guy would one day be a preacher, the world-known preacher, lecturer, and story-writer might to-day have been driving round a Cornish practice with a stethoscope in his hat.

The story of how he came to preach his first sermon has often been told. He did not desire to be a preacher at first, he tells us. "To be a preacher was to be poor. Preachers were dull, prosaic, awfully good. But a doctor! —that was a life indeed! To gallop about a wondering world on a horse! to cut off arms and legs!—that was excitement, glow, glory. But the prayers of Old Rosie prevailed; and though he had stoutly said to himself outside her cottage door "I won't," a Methodist preacher he became.

To Mr. Pearse life has proved anything but prosaic. His first romance occurred at Dunstable, where he married Miss Cooper. Many a pretty love story has he given us in his books, but I have a notion that if he would give us his own it would prove to be more charming than them all. Of course it must not be concluded that it was a runaway match. Nothing so romantic or—dare I say it?—so characteristic of Mr. Pearse as that.

From the very first Mark Guy Pearse was recognized as possessing a candle of pulpit genius that was not going to be put under a bushel. While at Ipswich he wrote the first of his famous stories, "John Tregenoweth—His Mark."

At Bristol he received the call to what has abundantly proved to be his rightful work. England was ringing with the Bitter Cry of Outcast London, and Methodism was being urged to adopt a Forward Movement and start a Mission in the great and profligate West End of London. But who was sufficient for these things? The unanimous answer was, Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Hughes was accordingly asked to undertake the new and responsible task and make the experiment. His reply was that he would do so if Mark Guy Pearse would join him. Then began that famous coalition ministry of which everybody has heard.

The question is often asked how two men of such entirely different temperaments have managed to run so smoothly and successfully in double harness for so many years. Where are the points of agreement? Mr. Hughes was a High Free Churchman; Mr. Pearse cares little or nothing what people call themselves or where they worship, provided they do justly and love mercy and walk humbly before God. Mr. Hughes was a born organizer and loved administrative details;

Mark Guy Pearse loathes committees as he does a picnic party on the banks when he wants to fish, while ecclesiastic traces were made, he appears to think, to be kicked over.

The answer which Mr. Hughes was accustomed to give in explanation of this phenomenon of an anticipated millennium—the lion and the lamb lying down together—is that it has been made possible by each leaving the other absolutely alone to go his own way. Very wise policy! For does not old Euclid remind us that parallel lines never meet?

Popularity, whether of writers, statesmen, or preachers, is notoriously a complex problem to explain. But in all cases, as with Mark Guy Pearse, there are features which contribute to the result which are easy to lay hold of. Foremost among these must be reckoned the remarkably vivid and cheerful personality of the preacher. He could not be dull or uninteresting if he tried.

Some time ago a student in a New Testament class translated the words of Christ to the impotent man as "Cheer up, paralytic!" Mark Guy Pearse goes up and down the land crying in that clear voice of his, "Cheer up, paralytics!"

Then it must be remembered that the Gospel of Sunday morning in St. James' Hall is pre-eminently one of comfort. Not the sunniest of May mornings ever succeeds in banishing from Mark Guy Pearse's remembrance the great number of bereaved and downcast hearts that are always to be found in congregations. That life is hard, that life is solitary and desolate for many thousands, particularly in a great city like London, and that Sunday is peculiarly a day of tender memories and wistful backward glances, he knows, and he preaches accordingly. Then are seen to perfection Mr. Pearse's outstanding gifts of vivid imagination and work-a-day phraseology. In the depicting of little domestic scenes—the mother with her baby at her breast, the fisherman's wife or sweetheart standing on the shore with anxious heart, the returning prodigal stealing up to the fire-lit window irresolute whether to knock or go away again—in the drawing of such pathetic life cameos his tongue is more adept than his inky thumb is in sketching Cornish cliffs. He dares also to be more particular and detailed than most preachers; and when they would say, "Sorrow has visited some of your homes this week," Mr. Pearse would tenderly paint the vacant chair, the arrival of the fateful telegram, the rush to the pit's mouth, or the wreck-strewn shore. Of this intimacy and sympathy with life's homely side he writes:

"My study has been not so much books as men and women and boys and girls—those volumes always fresh, whether bound in cloth or fustian. I am always thankful that I was brought up in a little town where everybody had a chance of knowing everybody else, and all the comedies and tragedies and sweet commonplaces of life."

In reference to his undoubted gift of verbal painting many will be interested to hear Mr. Pearse's own account of how that gift has been cultivated by him. In a letter to me he says:

"I like to quote the following fact as an illustration of the training of the imagination, which has not yet been reduced to any practical method. When I was quite a lad, my father gave me a photographic apparatus. It was in the very early days of photography, when we had to do many things that the snap-shotter of to-day never dreams about. I had to make my own solutions, and very risky work I found it more than once. I had photographed, on glass, of course, all the people and things about me, when it occurred to me that the better notion was to adopt a system of mental photography. I sat and looked carefully at the scene I wanted to take—the clouds, the sky, the distance, the middle distance, the foreground; got it thoroughly impressed upon me; then closed my eyes and reproduced it mentally; then opened them again and noted details that I had not at first observed, and again compared the mental picture with the scene before me. Then I marked the gradations of colour, lingering over every part of the picture. If I have any power of pictorial preaching, that part, at any rate, of the discourse is always unprompted and extemporaneous. I have the picture in my mind ready and waiting. I owe much to that habit, which I still find myself constantly practising."

Again referring to his popularity, it is by no means to his discredit that Mr. Pearse's preaching is in so many ways peculiarly adapted to women. To be called a "lady's preacher" is considered a disgrace; but why? Ladies have to be preached to, and the census tells us there are two or three million more of them than men; so why should we turn up our nose at a man who can appeal so powerfully to the larger half of the population? One of the gravest defects of the Protestant

pulpit has been its neglect of women. The Church of Rome knows better. Women are said to be illogical and intuitive, and whoever heard Mark Guy Pearse give a logical proof for anything he said? Then he is sentimental. Is that disgraceful? The rights of sentiment are as capable of defence as the rights of the understanding. Mark Guy never argues men into a better life; he charms their wives and sisters and daughters into a more loving, patient, gentle, charitable, and Christ-like spirit. He possesses, too, that touch of courtesy, that chivalrous Christian gallantry, which women love, whether they live in Mayfair or serve in Marshall & Snelgrove's. Therefore, he addresses himself to the more introspective aspects of the Christian life—those problems of love and duty, of self-realization and self-renunciation, with which women are eternally and constitutionally concerned.

Mark Guy Pearse, to sum up this estimate, is admitted by all who know him to be *sui generis*. In his case the personal equation is very large. Possessing as he does a poetical nature, he has all the impulsive moodiness and wayward inspiration of such a temperament. This explains at once both his fascination for many people and the irritation he provokes in many others. It must freely be conceded that Mark Guy Pearse is in many ways a free-lance. "You never know what he will say"—such is his condemnation with some, as it is his recommendation with others. But Methodism has long ago made up its mind to accept Mark Guy on his own terms—the only way he will agree to be accepted.

Mark Guy Pearse will never be President of the Wesleyan Conference, and that not because he is ineligible or could not gain the suffrages of his brethren, but because of his intense dislike of the endless routine of business and committee work involved. No, his work lies elsewhere. Every one will wish him God's speed upon his journey to Canada, and a safe return to his old work at St. James' Hall as soon as possible.—British Monthly.

A PRAYER FOR THE CITY.

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of Man!

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain;
Among these restless throngs abide,
O! tread the city's streets again;

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love,
And follow where Thy feet have trod;
Till glorious from Thy heaven above,
Shall come the City of our God.

—*F. M. N.*

A MILE WITH ME.

O who will walk a mile with me
Along life's merry way?
A comrade blithe and full of glee,
Who dares to laugh out loud and free
And let his frolic fancy play,
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay
That fill the field and fringe the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

And who will walk a mile with me
Along life's weary way?
A friend whose heart has eyes to see
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day,—
A friend who knows, and dares to say,
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way
Where he walks a mile with me.

With such a comrade, such a friend,
I fain would walk till journeys end,
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

—*Henry Van Dyke, in Outlook.*

THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON.

THE HON. CLIFFORD SIFTON,
Minister of the Interior.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton, K.C., has been described as a man "prepared to make the development of the West his life-work." So great a life-purpose could not fail to make a great man. Mr. Sifton was born in the township of London, Middlesex, Ont., in the year 1861. He is of Irish descent, and is the son of John W. Sifton, formerly Speaker of the Manitoba Assembly. It is by a series of gradual ascents and successes that he has risen to his present place as Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He is now acknowledged one of the ablest men in Canadian public life.

As a boy, his abilities promised the success of his maturer years. He was educated at the High School, London, Ont., at the Boys' College, Dundas, and at Victoria University, Cobourg. Here he received the degree of B.A., in the year 1880, carrying the Prince of Wales' gold medal. In the year 1882 he was called to the Manitoba bar, becoming City Solicitor in Brandon. In 1895 he became a Q.C.

While still in his twenties, he entered the field of politics, for which he was so eminently fitted, and in which he so pre-eminently distinguished himself. He entered the Manitoba Assembly as representative of North Brandon in the year 1888. A loyal supporter of the Liberal cause, he was elected vice-chairman of the Ottawa Reform Convention in 1893. During the illness of Mr. Greenway, he was acting Premier of Manitoba. In this capacity he introduced in the Legislature the resolutions refusing to carry out the Dominion Government's Order-in-Council for the restoration of separate school privileges to the Roman Catholics of Manitoba. He also introduced a resolution protesting against the passage by Parliament of the Manitoba Remedial Bill.

In November of 1896 he retired from the Manitoba Government to enter the administration at Ottawa as Minister of the Interior and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. He was elected by acclamation to the seat left vacant by Dalton M'Carthy's resignation in the House of Commons. He has made that great Canadian problem, the development of our West, especially his own. He has left no stone unturned that he might be correctly informed on Western matters. He has visited the Yukon District, investigated thoroughly the routes to the inland waterways, and looked carefully into the various problems that perplex our young and growing country.

Amid all his honours and duties he has ever remained true to the Methodist Church, in which he was reared, and a loyal supporter of the temperance cause. He has found time to serve the cause of Methodism as well as that of his country. In a time when political corruption is the talk of the day, it is pleasing to see him described by the press as "a man of the highest principle and honour." Mr. Sifton is at present in London, England, preparing the details of evidence on the Alaska Boundary dispute.

All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—*Dryden.*

Current Topics and Events.

JUST SHOWING HOW STRONG THEY ARE—AN UNNATURAL STRIFE.
—Harper's Weekly.

As we look at the attempt of Labour to grasp the throat of Capital, and the pressure of the heel of Capital upon the breast of Labour—as we look at these things we feel more and more that there is but one cure for this unnatural strife—that is, the message of the Nazarene on the hills of Palestine—God's love-message to men. The interests of Capital and Labour are not opposed, but identical. It is foolish, this attempt of both to cut down the bridge on which both depend. They must stand or fall together in the end. And attempt to cure the evil as we may, it is only the law of love that can settle the strife at last.

Liberty and the British Flag.

It is an old truth that where goes the British flag goes freedom. A testimony to this fact is seen in the condition of the Jews in Egypt. In that land where once their fathers were slaves they now enjoy, under British rule, a greater degree of liberty than anywhere else in the Old World, save in Britain itself. Their communities are in a flourishing financial condition. The Cairo congregation possesses 1,500,000 francs, as well as five synagogues, three hospitals, two institutions for the blind, and many other charities.

Another instance of the oneness of freedom and the flag of Britain, is in the recent conquest in the Soudan. Here a handful of officers and a medical staff have for some six months headed an expedition for the suppression of the notorious slave-raider, Gibrella. Their final victory resulted in the deliverance of thousands of peo-

ple from his rule, and the establishment of a chain of posts between the Niger and Lake Chad. The conquered people were rejoiced in the conquest. In some instances whole villages turned out to cheer the captors of Gibrella. What does this mean, the cheers of a semi-Moslem, semi-heathen, and wholly non-Christian people for the flag of a Christian nation? What else can it mean, but that even in their darkness they recognize it as the symbol of freedom?

"De Gemman what Stole de Chickens."

"Are you the defendant?" said the judge of the police court to the coloured brother who was up for trial. "No, sah," he replied; "I'se de gemman what stole de chickens." This well-known story, says The Literary Digest, is suggested by the vigorous denial of Russia that she has made the demands on China, in regard to Manchuria. The published reports of

A DIFFICULT SUBJECT FOR CONVERSION.

The Flag Bearer—"Now I wonder if he will follow!"—Montreal Star.

The above cartoon strikingly sets forth in a humorous vein the attitude of the British Premier and Colonial Secretary on the Imperial Zollverein. We are afraid it will take considerable whooping up of the new trade policy to induce sturdy John Bull to depart from the regime through which he has become so stout and strong and sturdy.

these demands, we are assured, "are absolutely incorrect"; but in the same breath the Russian diplomats go on to talk of Manchuria as if it were already a Russian province. The volume of foreign trade at the port where Russia is now asserting supremacy, says Public Opinion, has doubled in five years, reaching a total of $40,000,000 last year. The

value of Russian imports is less than two per cent. of the total, while the value of American imports is more than thirty-five per cent.; seven-eighths of the trade of Niuchwang is in the hands of England, the United States, and Japan—a sufficient explanation of their concern in the efforts now being made to give Russia exclusive control of the only point of ingress into the Manchurian market.

A Noble Pleasance.

The city of Philadelphia is favoured in having, we believe, the largest civic park in America, the famous Fairmount Park. It is many miles in extent on both sides of the Schuylkill River, and of its affluent, the Wissahickon. Though so near a great city, yet many parts of it are a sylvan solitude, as seemingly sequestered as when William Penn built his cottage by the banks of the Schuylkill, with trees of magnificent foliage, fine driveways, along which prance the high-steppers (equine we mean) of the City of Brotherly Love. The winding streams and picturesque bridges of the Wissahickon are an artist's delight.

But not always is the scene so peaceful. On the occasion of a recent visit, in consequence of prolonged and heavy rains the river was in flood. Some drifting flotsam fouled the screw of the little steamer on which we were struggling against the current up the stream. We began drifting rapidly down, and were in imminent danger. A deck-hand sprang overboard and swam ashore, seizing a hawser, which was thrown him, he flung it round a tree-stem, when it snapped like a whipcord. Another was thrown which caught on a huge boulder and brought our helpless craft to rest just in time to save it from collision with the pier of a bridge, on which we were helplessly drifting. Under safer conditions this sail, in the soft light of a light summer afternoon, is one of the loveliest in the world.

IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

The Home Comers' Festival.

The number of Home-Comers may have been hardly as great as some people expected, still it is gratifying to know that on the whole our city was satisfied with the results. That the Festival was a pronounced success is evidenced by the suggestions as to the advisability of holding some such celebration every Dominion Day. Few things could have made us so realize the growth of Toronto as this

incoming of the Torontonians of ten, twenty, thirty years back, with their reminiscences of olden days, and their surprises at the changes of time. There has been a revived interest in the history of the Queen City. The story of her growth and development has gone abroad to other lands. Many of our own citizens did not realize the extent of our progress; many have learned much concerning the origin, and even the present-day resources and industries of our city. As to the many thousands who during past years have come to make their home in Toronto, their pride in the city of their adoption cannot but have been increased by these loyal demonstrations.

A New Plan for Rural Schools.

A plan for the consolidation of rural schools seems to be growing in favour. To those who have had to do with such schools, the disadvantages of isolated schools are quite manifest, the large number of classes depending on one teacher, and the consequent inability to devote sufficient time to each class, and the lack of stimulating competition, the irregularity caused by long distances and bad weather, the fact, too, that at fifteen the ambitious pupil has learned all the country schools can teach him, and is forced to go to town to high school. All these, says The Outlook, have kept the rural schools from making the same progress in their methods as have the graded schools of our towns and cities. Accordingly the plan of consolidating rural schools is being carried on in about eighteen of the American States, apparently with much success.

By this means they have a good-sized modern school-building of four rooms or more, properly heated, ventilated, and equipped with a library and all necessary apparatus. The children are brought to school in covered spring waggons by men hired at moderate rates for this purpose. Each teacher has thirty or forty pupils. The school is better graded, and the stimulus of larger classes is felt. A high school course, embracing the work of two or three years, is established. This last is of importance to rural districts, since the boy who desires a high-school education can secure it without the expense of boarding in town, where, too, he often meets temptations for which he is unprepared in the formative period of life. It is sending the high school to the boy instead of sending the boy to high school. It should do much to allay the rush from the farm to the city, and prevent young men of education from acquiring a distaste for farm life. Moreover, the teachers are better paid than when they were engaged in teaching ten to twenty pupils, consequently better qualified instructors can be secured.

It might seem that, in view of the expense of transportation, this would be a more expensive system; but experience proves the contrary. While the aggregate expenditure is increased, the average daily attendance is also so increased as to lessen the cost per pupil.

The Mormon Cloud.

Few people realize the power and darkness of the strongholds Mormonism has reared on this continent. The work recently inaugurated by the Utah Gospel Mission, had it done nothing else, has served to reveal the tremendous need of such a work. Incredible as it seems, statistics disclose the shameful facts that in Utah all the Christian Churches together only boast a membership of 5,300, while the Mormons in that State number 220,000; that in Utah and Southern Idaho there are 145,000 of these benighted people, who have no sort of Christian services. In the twelve years from 1890 to 1902 Mormonism has doubled in numbers, and more than doubled its power. These facts alone ought to be sufficient to awaken the Churches of the United States to the need of these people within their borders. Moreover, the Mormons are ceaselessly putting forth proselyting efforts in various parts of the country and in Europe, and are striving to promulgate their doctrines of a polygamous God and of a fuller revelation in the word of Joseph Smith than in that of Jesus Christ.

The United States arsenal has completed a sixteen-inch gun, which it claims will fire a bolt over a ton weight twenty-one miles, one of thirty of similar size for coast defence. There are several larger guns in existence, but none of such tremendous power. The monster gun is 49 feet 2.9 inches long; the projectile is 5 feet 4 inches long (weighing 2,370 pounds), with steel penetration of 42.3 inches. The cost of firing one shot is about $1,000, and the weight of the rifle without the carriage is 126 tons. Not forts and fleets and armaments, but intelligence, sobriety, and religion, are the sure defence of nations.

Religious Intelligence.

"Lest We Forget."

The increase of members in the Wesleyan churches of Great Britain for last year is 4,847, or 1.04 per cent., making a round half-million members. In addition, there are 34,200 on trial, and 91,043 junior members. An immense depletion caused by deaths, emigration, removals, and dismissals has to be made good; but these figures seem an inadequate result of all the efforts for the labours of the year. The Rev. S. Chadwick, in The Methodist Times, utters a voice of prophetic warning in the following earnest words, which are a salutary reminder in this Bicentenary year of the need of utter consecration, "Lest we forget, lest we forget":

"What is the Methodism that halts and crawls at this poor dying rate? Is it the Methodism of our fathers that wrought such miracles in the power of the Highest, or is it some feeble substitute for the religion of fire?

"Are we true Methodists? We boast that we have John Wesley for our father, but would he own us for his children? We want no dead hand upon us, but are we true to the vital essentials of our Methodist heritage? Methodism can only prosper so long as it is Methodist. It mixes badly. Its power lies in being true to itself. The surest way to maim it is to try and compel it into another mould. Its peculiarity is its demand for the free expression of its life. Wherever Methodism is Methodist it prospers; wherever it tries to be anything else it is an abject failure. Methodism has always stood for Certainty, Spirituality, Intensity. It began in an assured salvation divinely communicated and propagated with enthusiasm. These features were dominant in Methodist testimony, Methodist preaching, Methodist worship, Methodist praying, and Methodist life. Are they the dominant features of the Methodism that toils a whole year for an increase of 1.04 per cent.?

"We care nothing for forms and terminology, but what about the life, the soul? Is there the same Methodist ring in Methodist preaching? Is there the same note of certainty in the Gospel we preach? Has it the same earnest insistence and tender entreaties that turned thousands unto God? Is there the same soul in Methodist worship, the same power in Methodist praying, and the same godly simplicity in Methodist living? Times change, but eternal verities know no variation. The changed conditions of our time give no excuse for betrayal, but they do call urgently for fidelity. Live Methodism was never so much needed and had never so great an opportunity. Faith is assailed with scientific precision and daring unknown to our fathers. Hesitation has become fashionable. Doubt has invaded the sanctuary and turned messengers into critics, who, instead of preaching the Gospel, discuss it. Materialism is destroying the nation. In the absence of the prophet the priest has taken the field, and in the greed for gain moral enthusiasm has perished. Now is the supreme hour for the certainty, spirituality, and simplicity of the Methodist. Where is he? The Lord hath need of him. The nation is perishing for want of him.

"Rumour says that Methodism is languishing in its tents, and 1.04 per cent. looks like it. We hear it whispered that it has lost much of the glow and passion that was its glory, and seeks distinction in other fields. It is said that suburban Methodists have given up the class-meeting and taken to whist and bridge, and that they are more at home at a dance than at a red-hot prayer-meeting. Chapels that were once famous converting-centres have become places of entertainment, and under the plea of expediency the house of prayer is turned into a house of merchandise. The phraseology of passion remains, but the fire has gone. The old hymns so expressive of the old experience may be sung, but there is neither swing in the tune nor soul in the words. The tradition is treasured, but the inheritance is lost. Are these things so? We hope not. When they are, Methodism will die, and it ought to die. A worldly Methodism has no right to live. A dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, pleasure-loving Methodism cannot live. It may well be that in some cases decreases represent the process of shedding un-Methodist Methodists, not wholly to be regretted. Every man that left Gideon's army contributed to its strength. Still

we watch their departure with sorrow, and pray for the baptism that sanctifies and kindles the souls of men."

The number of monks in France, says The Methodist Times, is enormous—there were nearly 200,000 in 1900. They have in late years taken largely to commerce—the Grande Chartreuse is one which lives on the liquor trade—and they pay £40,000 taxes to the Vatican; it is said that the Pope derives from France in this and other ways an income of £1,200,000 a year. Others make large revenues out of the most grovelling superstitions; getting sous and francs out of poor girls in exchange for little charms and pictures supposed to have a magical virtue, and even little postage-stamp pictures of the Virgin, to be rolled up into pills, and swallowed for the medication of the soul.

The Bicentenary of Wesley.

One of the pleasing features of the Wesleyan Bicentenary has been the interest taken in the founder of Methodism by other denominations, and by the world in general. In a less enlightened age, when narrowness and bigotry were more prevalent, and the confines of denominationalism more deeply marked, one would hardly have expected to find a portrait and appreciations of John Wesley in many of the denominational papers of other Churches. The fact that it is so to-day illustrates the growing bond of brotherhood between the Churches.

Even the world of the worldly has had its attention arrested by this effort on both sides of the sea to do homage to the memory of a good man. The mercenary and commercial spirit must feel its limitations in the contemplation of one who, living and dying poor in the things of this world, yet commands the reverence of millions. The bicentenary of Wesley is proof sufficient that the accumulation of wealth is not the only kind of success, even in the eyes of men.

The Church could devise no truer way of doing honour to the memory of such a man than that of a great ingathering of souls during the coming months. No statue of bronze or marble, no dedication of magnificent churches, none of these things could have been so pleasing to him as the reaching of human hearts with the message of his Master. It is a celebration, too, in which all may share—in which all should share. Let us remember the great purpose of our Church, and be worthy the banner under which we are marching Zionward.

The Class-Meeting.

Lord Macaulay said of John Wesley, the bicentenary of whose birth the world celebrates this year, that he possessed a genius for statesmanship not less than that of Richelieu, the great French Prime Minister. One striking evidence of this genius is the thorough organization of Methodism. Although the youngest of the great Churches of Christendom, it possesses an organization as unique and thorough as that of the Roman Catholic Church, the oldest of the Churches in Christendom. The unit of this organization is the class-meeting. John Wesley's idea was that it should consist of twelve persons with their leader. But with the flexibility characteristic of Methodism, the number may be increased or lessened as varying circumstances may show to be best. Some of the most successful classes are very much larger, and some equally successful are smaller.

In a large church it is difficult for the pastor to become intimately acquainted with all the members of his flock and to exercise that careful oversight that their best interests demand. The leader of the class is therefore a sub-pastor. He meets the members of his class every week, he makes their intimate acquaintance, he knows their religious and social condition, he can report to the pastor cases of special need, and thus that officer may be kept in touch with the whole membership of the church. In other ways, too, the class may be of great service.

Again, in a large church it is impossible for all the members to know all the other members, even though they avail themselves regularly of the public and the social means of grace. A personal reference will illustrate: On one occasion the pastor remarked at the week-night services, "Now, this meeting is not dismissed; everybody must shake hands with everybody else and get acquainted." As in duty bound, the present writer turned to an old lady and shook hands very cordially and inquired, "Have you attended this church long?" "I have attended this church for forty years," was the crushing reply. The writer was not altogether to blame, because he had recently come to the church himself.

But if we cannot know everybody

in the church we can know our fellow classmates and know them well. There is in the class-meeting a sort of Methodist freemasonry—a bond of brotherhood of a very strong and tender character that knits our souls together such as is possible, we think, in no other Church in Christendom. We hear week after week the deepest experiences of each other's souls—what conflicts we have seen, what trials we have passed; we sympathize with one another's sorrows and rejoice in one another's joys.

"He bids us build each other up;
And, gathered into one,
To our high calling's glorious hope,
We hand in hand go on.

If the entire membership of our Church would avail themselves of the privilege of this class-meeting they would find it wonderfully helpful to growth in grace and edification of their most holy faith.

Presbyterians Aroused in New York.

At a recent meeting under the Church Extension Committee, New York Presbyterians were aroused to the need of effort in their own city. Funds are required for the erection of several new churches. Dr. Wilton Merle Smith in appealing for these referred to the success of Methodism in raising $20,000,000 in the United States and freeing from debt their churches in New York City. Dr. Smith said: "When I think of it I wish I was a Methodist. And I wish everybody here would turn Methodist just while the collection is being taken up. I hope you will put your hands deep in your pockets and give until it hurts, hurts real bad and for a long time after. Then we might have not only $100,000, but the whole $750,000 we are asking for. If anybody feels like giving $100,000 or $50,000, I am here to take it and sing the doxology and act the jumping Methodist for the rest of the evening."

Two Radical Changes.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has now two very important measures for its consideration. One is the unifying of its publishing interests. At present they have the Methodist Book Concern, New York, and the Western Methodist Book Concern, Cincinnati. It is proposed to consolidate these two manufacturing plants and locate the new plant contiguous to some large distributing point, probably near Chicago. In this way it is estimated over $100,000 would be saved annually.

The other proposed change is the consolidation of the benevolent societies of the Church. At present there are six such organizations—the Missionary Society, the Board of Education, the Board of Church Extension, the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, the Sunday-school Union, and the Tract Society. The headquarters of these are variously distributed in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati. The plan proposed divides and combines these societies into three new organizations: a Board of Foreign Missions, with headquarters at New York; a Board of Home Missions and Church Extension, with headquarters at Philadelphia; and a Board of Education, with headquarters at Cincinnati. It is believed the General Conference will adopt these measures, though with some modifications.

Philanthropies during the Past Year.

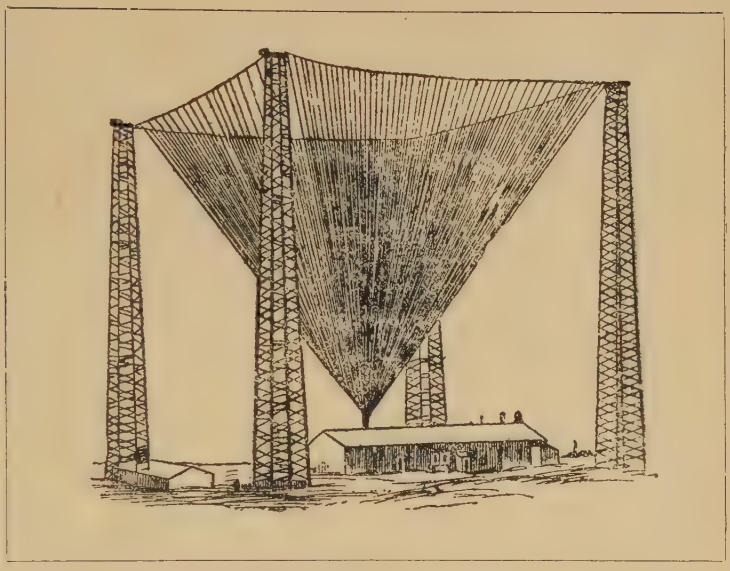
According to "Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia," the amount of money given to religious, educational, and philanthropic institutions, in the United States during the past year, in gifts of $5,000 or more, amounted to $85,000,000. This does not include the ordinary gifts to churches, or the Methodist Jubilee Fund of $20,000,000. The funds were divided as follows:

To charities	$36,519,894
To educational institutions	28,150,803
To libraries	4,970,800
To churches	4,869,700
To art galleries, museums, etc.	2,886,000

Pessimists may possibly find something in these facts to change the ordinary trend of their opinions.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, says The Congregationalist, from Jan. 1st, 1899, to Jan. 1st, 1903, met its current expenses, increased its contributions to the benevolent collections, made a thank-offering of $20,900,000, and in addition paid $16,931,034 for new churches and parsonages and improvements on churches and parsonages that needed renewing. In other words, it supported its local work, its general church organizations, and raised besides $37,831,031.

Science Notes.



MARCONI'S WIRELESS TELEGRAPH STATION AT TABLE HEAD, C.B.

The transmission of messages by wireless telegraph across the Atlantic Ocean, the greatest feat as yet of the twentieth century, has been successfully accomplished, and the first words flashed by Signor Marconi from Table Head station, C.B., to Poldhu station, Cornwall, were loyal and congratulatory greetings from His Excellency the Governor-General to His Majesty King Edward.

Table Head is one of the bleakest promontories along the whole Atlantic coast. It was chosen by Marconi on account of its isolated position. The topography offers no interference with the transmission of the wireless current, which passes over the sea with the greatest certainty. On this lonely headland Marconi has erected four strong, but light towers, each rising to the height of two hundred and fifteen feet.

Each separate tower is made up of strong wooden timbers, bolted firmly together and set in a concrete foundation with a series of sustaining guys on every side. In the centre are situated the buildings containing the dynamos, electric appliances and steam engines, which serve to generate the electric current. The Canadian Government contributed $80,000 to the enterprise.

The steam power plant stationed in the -engine and boiler-room respectively, consists of a 100 horse-power engine directly connected to a direct current dynamo.

Around the towers a deep, circular trench has been dug, in which is deposited a large zinc coil, which forms part of the transmitting apparatus. From this pass the wires conveying the magic currents to the top caps of the four towers.

The instrument which records the messages is in the operating chamber, and is the latest development of Marconi's years of work up to the present moment. Over two hundred operators work in this room.

Marconi's system of telegraphy consists in setting in motion certain electric vibrations, which, after passing through the ether, record themselves on a distant receiver. The whole system depends on the mysterious, intangible substance known as ether. It is a substance invisible, colourless, odourless, inconceivably rarefied, which is supposed to fill all spaces. It fills the space between the earth and the sun and the stars, and it

also fills the minute space between the atoms of the densest substances, such as steel. It is the source of electricity, light, and heat.

Vibrations of the ether at a certain speed give electricity, at another speed they give light, at another speed they give heat. If the ether vibrates at the rate of 400 billions of waves a second the colour red appears; if they vibrate twice as fast, the colour is violet.

At the comparatively low rate of 230 millions to the second they produce the Hertz waves, which convey the electrical current. Sound, it may be noted, has nothing to do with the ether, but is the result of the vibration of the air. Air is very slow moving compared to ether, and that is why a flash of light is seen long before the sound that accompanies it and why an electric message travels faster than sound. Even when electricity passes through a wire it is merely a vibration of the ether which circulates between the atoms composing the wire.

The coherer is a little tube of glass as big around as a lead pencil, and about two inches long. It is plugged at each end with silver and the plugs nearly meet in the tube. The narrow space between them is filled with finely powdered fragments of nickel and silver, which possess the curious property of being alternately very good and very bad conductors of electrical waves. The waves from the transmitter, perhaps two thousand miles away, are received on a telegraph wire similar to that used in the transmitter, but they are so weak that they could not of themselves operate an ordinary telegraph instrument. They merely have strength enough to draw the little particles of nickel and silver in the coherer together, or, in other words, they make them cohere. The moment the particles cohere they become a good conductor of electricity and a current from a battery near at hand rushes through and operates the Morse instrument causing it to print a dot or dash. Then a little hammer, called the decoherer, moved by the same current, strikes against the coherer, and the particles of metal are shaken apart, and when decohered, they become a bad conductor of electricity again. Then another wave comes through space and a dot or dash is printed.

The Gulf Stream Myth.

Modern meteorology knows that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current has no more effect on the climate of western Europe than the weather-vane has on the winds that turn it. The Gulf Stream, in fact, might be engulfed at Colon or dammed at Key West, without any one from the Scillys to the Hebrides being any the wiser.

That the belief that the Gulf Stream is the sole cause of the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is still held by millions to-day, that it is still taught in the public schools in England and in the United States, and that, although it is absolutely without any foundation whatsoever, it should have come to have all the sacredness of a gospel truth—is a tribute to the exuberant rhetoric of one man, and to the hypnotic influence of one book. Only be earnest in conviction and picturesque in diction, and your opinion is assured of a safe-conduct for several generations. In consequence, the "Gulf Stream myth," fathered by Maury, persists, while the broader, grander, and more reassuring facts as to climate and weather causation are viewed with suspicion, and make slight headway against the universal acceptance of a theory that gained its whole value from the way it was stated by a strong man in a transition period in the development of an inexact science. The essential facts are that the Gulf Stream as an ocean current ceases to exist, that is, to differ in set and temperature from the rest of the ocean east of the longitude of Cape Race, Newfoundland. It cannot, therefore, convey, does not convey, warm water to the shores of western Europe, there to modify the climate and give the British Isles the breezes of the "unvexed Bermudas," and Sweden and Norway the warmth of the Carolinas. But, above all, climatic causation is not a function of ocean currents, but of aerial currents, and the mild oceanic climate of western Europe is due to the distribution by the permanent aerial circulation in the whole Atlantic basin of the moderating, mitigating effects of the ocean as a whole.—From "The Gulf Stream Myth and the Anti-Cyclone," by Harvey M. Watts, in the June Scribner's.

Book Notices.

"Apostolic Order and Unity." By Robert Bruce, M.A., D.D., Vicar of St. Nicholas, and Hon. Canon of Durham. Edinburgh: J. and T. Clark. 1903.

At a time when the clergy of the Church of England are making a frantic attempt to throttle Nonconformity by controlling the education of the people, and when Romanism seems almost triumphant inside one of the great Churches of the Reformation, it is refreshing to read so sane, sensible, and brotherly a book as this by Canon Bruce. The writer is one of those numerous Christian ministers who have been broadened and made more Christian by years of work on the foreign mission field and have come back to the home-land with a new respect for fellow-workers of other communions whom they have found to be just as godly and just as successful as themselves, and, therefore, just as apostolic.

Dr. Bruce writes in the interests of unity rather than of mere uniformity, though he evidently longs for the outward union as soon as practicable. He sets himself the task of carefully investigating the teaching of the New Testament, and of the Apostolic Fathers, in order to ascertain what is really apostolic and essential in church organization, and, like so many of the best scholars of his own Church, he comes to most liberal conclusions.

"The keynote of the writings of the Apostolic Fathers," he says, "is the same as that of the Apostles, 'the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.' According to them, the *esse* of the body of Christ depended not upon one outward organization, but upon 'the power of an endless life' bestowed on every member by the indwelling Spirit. The object of all their writings was not the exaltation of the minister, but the unity of the members; not the priesthood of a class, but the priesthood of all the members, as members of the One Ever-living High Priest." (P. 120.)

The book is much to be commended to those who would have, in a cheap form, all the passages of the Apostolic Fathers bearing on church organization, and a brief, clear, scholarly discussion of the theory of the divine right of episcopacy in the light of the facts of the apostolic and the sub-apostolic age. F. H. W.

"The Future of War." By Jean de Bloch. Boston: Ginn & Company; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents; by mail, 65 cents.

Years ago a poor Polish Jew went hawking his wares about the streets of Warsaw. But before his death last year the Jewish peddler had become the leading banker and financier of Poland, the adviser of the Russian Government and one of the prominent sociologists and economists of his day.

It is this same Jean de Bloch who has produced an epoch-making book. It is said no book ever written, unless it be that of Hugo Grotius, has rendered so great a service in the cause of peace as this book of Bloch's. He is indisputably the most thorough and important student of the question of War who has ever lived. His work, entitled, "The Future of War," was first published in Russian in six volumes. It has since been translated into French and German, but no English edition has yet appeared, save this translation of the last volume. This, however, contains the gist of the whole work. It is a summary of previous conclusions.

The author appeals not to the moral but to the business side of men's minds. It is not a book of dreams and theories, but of facts and figures. He shows how science in perfecting the weapons of warfare must in the end make warfare an impossibility, since in a war between two great powers armed with all the latest discoveries of science, either the attacking side will be annihilated, or the exterminating of both sides will result. Clearly and logically he brings before the reader the effects such a war would have on each of the great nations of Europe. Without any effort at eloquence the author displays, in his forceful logic, the most convincing eloquence. It is this book that gave birth to the Hague Conference. It is fitting that it should lead in the series of the International Library.

"Advent and Ascension, or How Jesus Came and How He Left Us." By D. W. Faunce, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 215. Price, 75 cents.

Dr. Faunce is the author of several books of practical religion, as "A

Young Man's Difficulties With His Bible," "Prayer as a Theory and as a Fact," "Shall We Believe in a Divine Providence?" The present volume is of no less importance and timely interest. The cardinal thought of the author is the miraculous character of Christianity viewed as "a series of events belonging to the earthly career of Jesus Christ." It has remarkable vigour and acuteness. The author vindicates the miraculous character of the beginning and end of that career. In a time when the very foundations are assailed this vindication of the sweet reasonableness of the Christian religion is exceedingly timely.

"Of Religion," one of the series of the Arts of Life. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is a thoughtful little volume taking up such topics as The Sanction of Science, Fatalism Irreligious, The Miracles of Nature, The Tragedy of Evil Prayer, Priestcraft, Practical Religion, etc. The writer has many noble thoughts nobly expressed, as "No people that believes not ever does greatly." "It is faith that moves mountains." We like his stand on such topics as fatalism, the strife of sects, science and religion. We like, too, his healthy optimism. But in his desire to cut away the non-essentials of religion he sometimes cuts away the living branches as well as the dead. Nor do we like the uncertain voice in which the writer speaks of immortality as something not assured though very probable. Nevertheless the book contains much of noble and broad-minded thought.

"The Better Way." By Charles Wagner, Author of "The Simple Life." Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.

This refreshing book is translated from the French by Mary Louise Hendee. But so easy and natural is the translation, one cannot conceive of its having lost anything in its change from the original. The book comforts without being "preachy." It is a sort of conversational reverie throughout. It is a dialogue between the author and an invisible Spirit, whom he calls "The Friend," and who has followed him all his days. The author tells his joys in his first-born, but sorrow in his death, his discontents, his fear of growing old, his musing on death, wickedness, the vanities of life, etc. "The Friend" always gives a comforting and encouraging answer.

"Where Town and Country Meet." By James Buckham. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 241. Price, $1.00 net.

We greatly rejoice at the increased attention which is given to the study of nature in our schools and in general literature. It opens a new door of enjoyment for the mind; it cultivates the powers of observation, classification, and comparison; it unfolds a new book for our study. Many of us have read for years with intense interest the charming nature studies which come from the thoughtful pen of the sympathetic observer who writes this book. In the beauty of the spring and summer, in the sombreness of autumn, and amid the rigours of winter he finds themes for fascinating description and revelation of delights which to many are hidden.

"The Divine Artist." Sermons of Consolation. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-254. Price, 3s. 6d., net.

This volume of sermons represents some of the best voices of the different Churches: Dr. Macmillan, J. H. Jowett, Principal Stewart, Thomas G. Selby, of the Methodist Church, Principal Rowlands, and T. Rhondda Williams, representing the fire and fervour for which the Welsh preachers are so famous.

Literary Note.

In the last issue for June of The Living Age is an interesting article describing the origin of the order of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Jeanne Jugan, a poor, homely, ignorant peasant woman, who went out to work by the day, took pity on the aged poor of St. Sewan, and opened her doors to them. It is a story surpassing fiction, that of how helpers came and the work grew under her hands, of how she finally set out and with nothing but faith for her capital, opened and maintained homes in other towns. Other articles of interest are those on Egypt, Max Muller's struggles, the evils of gambling, and the harm done Wordsworth by his admiring interpreters.

A SPANISH PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER AND HIS CLIENT.

(See article "Under Castilian Skies," page 230).

NORWEGIANS MAKING HAY.